

 **The Sign** National Catholic Magazine

January 1951 • \$1.50

EGYPT'S NAGUIB

(SEE PAGE 23)





Next Month Is CATHOLIC PRESS MONTH

Attention:

- TEACHERS • STUDENTS
- CHURCH GROUPS

THE SIGN's Exhibit Material for Catholic Press Month will be ready for mailing January 10th. We urge you to write early to allow time to send you the following package:

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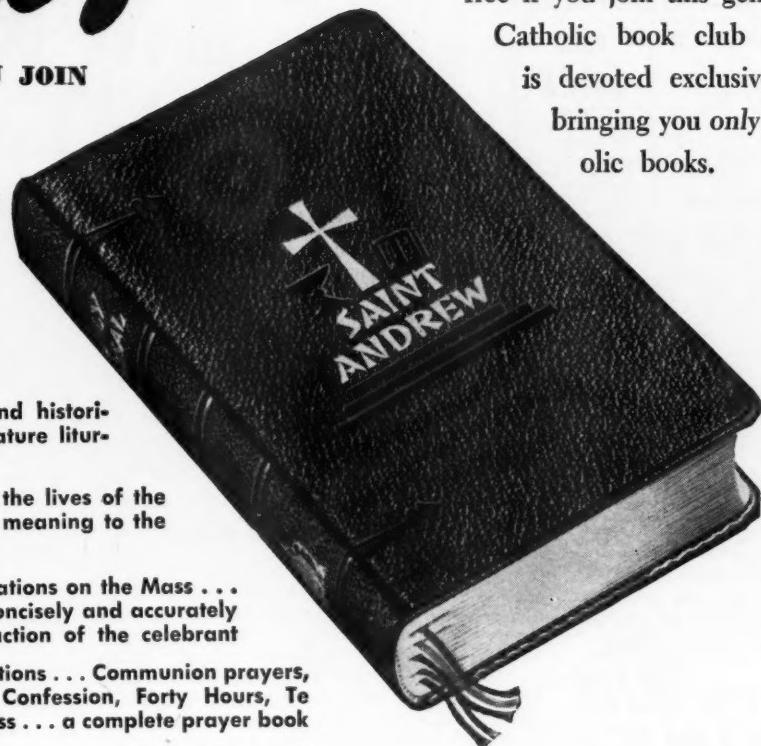
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Among recent books offered by the Foundation are these three titles which gave members Bishop Sheen's long-awaited, enduring book of rich spiritual guidance (*LIFE IS WORTH LIVING* — January selection, \$3.75); a mental pick-up (*MENTAL HEALTH IN A MAD WORLD* by Father Magnier — September selection, \$3.75); an amusing inside-convent-walls narrative by one who ought to know, Sister Mary Jean Darcy (*SHEPHERD'S TARTAN* — August selection, \$2.50).



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which gives advance information on the monthly selection and which members receive free of charge each month.

The *Forecast* also contains information on alternate books which members may select in addition to, or as substitutes for, the selection of the month.

HOW TO RECEIVE THE BOOKS YOU WANT

If you decide to accept the selection of the month described in the *Forecast*, you do nothing and it will come to you automatically. If you do not want the selection, you send back the card (always provided), specifying some other book or marking it simply "no book."

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LETTERS



Cardinal Spellman

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Congratulations on your excellent story of a great churchman and an outstanding citizen. Jim Bishop did a splendid job.

How many of us have even an approximate idea of the varied and complex duties of a Cardinal of the Church?

America should be justly proud of Cardinal Spellman—servant of God and his fellow man.

JOSEPH A. PIROCH

EMLTON, PA.

North American College

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Permit me to thank you for your letter of September 28 and the attached copy of the October issue of THE SIGN in which there appears an article on the North American College by George Salerno.

I deeply appreciate your kindness in running this article for the information of our people at home and I am grateful for the way in which it is presented and illustrated.

BISHOP MARTIN J. O'CONNOR
RECTOR, NORTH AMERICAN COLLEGE
ROME, ITALY

CYO

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

The members of the Catholic Youth Organization of the Archdiocese of Newark, their adult advisers, and the priest moderators are deeply grateful to THE SIGN for the excellent picture story appearing in the November issue.

The opportunity to explain the complete program of the CYO to the average Catholic comes too infrequently; the conception that it is entirely an athletic program was certainly dispelled in THE SIGN's treatment of the story.

Again our thanks, and congratulations on a job very well done.

REV. JOHN J. KILEY, Director
CATHOLIC YOUTH ORGANIZATION
NEWARK, N. J.

Father Smith and Reuther

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I wish to protest with all the vehemence of which I am capable against the letter

from the Rev. William J. Smith, S.J., published on page 79, in your issue of October, 1953.

Mr. Reuther is the gentleman who re-admitted the department store workers' union to the CIO. Nothing has to be said of the record of that union; it is too well known. Many of its leaders have been identified as "past" party-members in sworn testimony. Any defense of Mr. Reuther by a Catholic priest is strange indeed.

But more to the point is Father Smith's thinly veiled attack on those who are aware of the immediate threat of Communism in this country and of its alarming and widespread infiltration. While our Senate Investigating Committees again, in recent days, have shown how dangerous this Communist power is, Father Smith sneers at those who "see a Communist in every pair of shoes under a bed."

If his letter has convinced one single reader that Communists and their fellow travelers are not numerous and in places of tremendous authority and/or influence, then he has rendered this nation and the Catholic Church a great dis-service.

JOHN J. McCARTHY

LARCHMONT, N. Y.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I was glad to see the letter favoring labor leader Reuther in your October issue's "Letters."

The November number was, incredibly, better than the October issue.

JOSEPHINE CHALLY

MANIS, ILL.

Riesel and the CIO

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I have just read the November issue of THE SIGN. As usual, each issue is better than the previous one!

However, I think it is not out of order to note that the article by Vic Riesel is in effect antilabor, as it tends to promote labor disunity at a time when the AFL and the CIO are both discussing this vital problem. When Riesel holds up the AFL as infested with racketeers and then states that "the racketeers have not penetrated any important CIO union," he is certainly forgetting that his readers have some intelligence and memory.

(Continued on page 6)

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May we, for His honor and glory and for the support of those who are laboring for Him, suggest that this definite provision be embodied in your last Will:

I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of (\$) Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 2)

Only a few years ago, until 1948 in fact, the CIO was infested with Communist agents and the running dogs of the Com-informed World Federation of Trade Unions. Communists are the worst form of racketeers known to mankind. That Riesel, a so-called crusader against Communism, should bawl in this fashion the entire Communist period of the CIO is amazing.

But the point is that it is not what existed yesterday, or special problems of today. George Meany of the AFL has been fearless, as has the entire AFL, in seeking to cope with the problem wherever it is found. If Riesel is really honest, he will now write a story of the CIO flirtation with Moscow during 1945-1949. Better, let him work for labor unity and not pit one great labor union against another. Pegler does enough in that direction already!

RICHARD L.G. DEVERALL

BROOKLYN, N.Y.

Mr. Lockhart

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Apropos the feature article in the September issue about Gene Lockhart and his family, readers of THE SIGN may be interested to know that Mr. Lockhart is a familiar figure to Catholics in the Radio City area who manage to get to noonday Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral. For several years, I have observed Mr. Lockhart regularly at Holy Communion at this noonday Mass, a sight which is edifying and inspiring.

As always, congratulations to THE SIGN for its pre-eminence in the field of Catholic journalism.

MARY REEGAN

NEW YORK, N.Y.

Grandma Cooked, And Grandpa?

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I have just finished reading the article "Today's Women Can't Cook" by Art Smith and couldn't resist the temptation to sound off. Honestly, I get so tired of reading about "dear old Grandma's cooking."

It's quite clear that Mr. Smith doesn't miss the old-time ways, but does miss the cooking of that era....

If today's young husband isn't fed the way his grandpa was, well, he has gained in other ways. He has a beer while he and his wife watch television together, and perhaps his wife will have one with him. Grandma crocheted or quilted while her husband played cards "with the boys" at the saloon....

FLORENCE McMURRAY
TEN MILE, TENN.

Map Re-mapped

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I should like to broach a new matter. On page 11 of the October 1953 issue of THE SIGN, there is a map which features an error or two. Somewhere in the process of preparing this map, that area of In-

(Continued on page 78)

The Sign

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1954

VOL. 33



No. 6

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Editor's page

Peace Palaver

WE confess to a considerable admiration for Sir Winston Churchill. He has made many mistakes, but he has also proved himself one of the greatest statesmen of modern times. The last volume of his *Memoirs* shows that he saw with prophetic vision the danger that was marching into the heart of Europe from the East. On June 4, 1945, he sent a message to President Truman that summed up his views at that critical moment: "I view with profound misgivings the retreat of the American army to our line of occupation in the central sector, thus bringing the Soviet power into the heart of Western Europe and the descent of an iron curtain between us and everything to the Eastward. I hoped that this retreat . . . would be accompanied by the settlement of many great things which would be the true foundation of world peace. Nothing really important has been settled yet." . . .

That was Churchill in 1945. Today the Red Army is still in the heart of Europe and the Iron Curtain is slammed down tight. Yet Churchill seems to think that all we need do to make things right is to sit down at a conference table with the Reds. He appears to have full faith that he can crown a long life of accomplishment by persuading the Russians to march with us on the road to peace.

We think his chances of success are about as great as were Chamberlain's in his quest for "peace in our time." Like the Nazis, the Reds recognize only power; we can deal with them only when we are backed up by military strength at least equal to theirs. We can have all the conferences we like from now until doomsday, but the Russians will not be budged an inch from their charted course by any powers of persuasion.

What is there in the record that gives any hope that the Russians will negotiate sincerely? There isn't the slightest tangible proof. The last meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers was held in London in December, 1947. At that conference, it became so evident that the Russians were seeking Western surrender rather than a peace settlement that even Secretary of State, General George Marshall, threw in the sponge and came home. The Reds pledged themselves solemnly to restore Austrian independence, but in over 260 separate meetings it

has been impossible to get them to do anything toward fulfilling their pledge. And so it has been all the way down the line. What good are fair words without fair deeds?

Moscow's reactions to Western efforts to come to a peace settlement have been a marvel of diplomatic maneuverings and fancy-Dan sidestepping. When driven into a corner, the Reds agree to sit down and talk, but only on the condition that the West admit Red China as a fifth big power and agree to scrap Nato and the European Defense Community. In other words, the Reds say in effect: Throw away your arms and we'll talk to you.

The Soviet note released by the State Department on November 27 appears to be something new. It is new in that it is the first note from Moscow in ten years that isn't completely negative.

It would be a tragic mistake to think that this note indicates a change of policy. It is only a change of tactics. Its purpose is to divide the West. Its conciliatory tone is a fly cast on the waters, and some European statesmen have risen to the bait like hungry trout from a clear stream.

HERE is nothing that Russia fears more than a rearmed Western Germany. She will do anything to prevent it, as an armed Germany would be the cornerstone of a European defense system: French fear and distrust of Germany are the obstacle to German rearmament and can only be overcome by a greater French fear and distrust of Soviet Russia. Therefore, the Reds are perfectly happy to talk peace in order to placate the French at a moment when decisions are being made on a European army.

Conferences can be harmless enough, except in so far as they are used as a propaganda medium by the Reds. But at least at this late date let us stick to our resolution not to accept words for action. Otherwise, we shall prove ourselves as simple as Little Red Riding Hood.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.

Current



Fact and Comment

EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT



United Press photo

Dr. Charles Malik of Lebanon (right) at UN Security Council meeting which voted "strongest censure" of Israel attack at Qibya. Lebanon abstained, wanted more forceful action.



Trying her hand at plastering is Carmelite Sister Theresa, who is working with other nuns in reconstruction of their own convent in Turin, Italy. No, she's not a union member.

Most discussions about the United States, as compared with other nations of the world, begin with the assumption that we are the richest nation on the globe. Undoubtedly this is true by almost any standard of judgment. Yet the Midcentury Conference on Resources for the Future held in Washington last month presents another side of the picture which is well worth considering. We are indeed wealthy in terms of industrial plant and output and the skill of both labor and management. But when it comes to raw materials and natural resources, the picture is not so reassuring.

It is remarkable that we produced a million housing units and six million automobiles and trucks during the last year. Our output of home appliances, ranging from automatic washers to television receivers, is likewise a source of astonishment. But this very production implies a ravenous consumption of raw materials. Lumber, steel, copper, tin, oil, and similar scarce materials are being consumed at an ever-increasing rate.

Even though supplies of some items seem virtually inexhaustible, the constantly increasing rate of use should cause us to pause and think. In the half-century which ended in 1950, we trebled our annual use of coal, copper, iron ore, and zinc. We used nearly thirty times as much natural gas and crude oil as we did in the beginning of the century. With less than 10 per cent of the world's population, we consume about half its volume of raw materials.

As American supplies decrease, our imports must increase if we are to maintain our present standard of living. We bring in about 10 per cent of our raw materials from abroad. Of the seventy-two items listed as "strategic and critical" by the Munitions Board, we import all the supplies of more than forty items and part of the supplies of all the rest.

In a world threatened by the possibility of a global war, it is not reassuring to know that we are so heavily dependent upon imports for strategic materials. Even were peace to be assured for the next fifty years, we might still have cause for concern. Many areas of the world are no longer content or resigned to remain backward and undeveloped. They want their own industries and a rising standard of living. This means that some of them, at least, may wish to use their resources primarily for domestic consumption, not for export. It is at least conceivable that, unless new sources of supply are discovered, America may be forced to lower its standard of living as a result of exhaustion of resources.

Against all these gloomy forebodings, of course, there is the argument that science and technology will more than keep pace with human needs. Atomic power may largely replace coal and oil. Plastics may continue to take the place of relatively scarce metals. Coastal cities, at least, may be able to obtain water by purifying sea water. Simple foods may be secured by micro-organisms in the sea or



Pope Pius laid down conditions for continuation of French priest-worker movement during visit of three French Cardinals. Movement aims to re-Christianize working classes.



Solution to Mau Mau terrorism in British colony of Kenya may come in re-education of natives for larger role in country. Here, young men receive training at agricultural college.



Painting entitled "U.S. Go Home" by André Fougeron was ruled frankly anti-American but still "unembarrassing" by French officials and permitted to stay in Paris art show.

grown in chemically treated water, instead of in the soil.

In spite of all the advance of science, it would be rash to presume blindly that there will be no future problems. We should strive to secure some master plan for the use of scarce resources. Government and private business should co-operate to cut down waste. Likewise, we should plan to replace renewable resources at a rate which will assure the meeting of future needs. Finally, there should be a concerted program of research directed toward the discovery of substitute materials. This is the least we can do in terms of social justice and charity. We are stewards, not absolute masters, of the Lord's bounty.

A BIG mass circulation magazine recently featured the picture of a kitten. Kitty was hanging upside-down under a car, her hind legs caught in the chassis and her head just short of the ground. Accompanying the picture was an even more interesting story. One morning at half-past six, a man

Kitty Pays the Publicity Check?

in Los Angeles was getting ready to drive to work. On reaching his garage, he was greeted by the frantic cries of his son's five-month-old kitten. As in the legend about women drivers, Kitty had gotten herself incomprehensibly involved with the car. Her hind legs were wedged in the under-frame and her head hung down like a pendulum.

In an effort to disengage Kitty, the man was met with a barrage of kitten spit and flailing claws. Whereupon he called the sheriff, the fire department, and a newspaper. Sheriff and Fire Department gave him the brush-off, but a photographer raced around and took the picture featured in the magazine.

The man then put on a pair of gloves, released Kitty from her involuntary trapeze act, and drove to work—four hours late.

What puzzled us about the story was this:

The sheriff, the fire department, and the newspaper—why call them? Why let poor Kitty suffer for four hours before putting on gloves and untangling her?

An unkind critic might snap a judgment and say it was a vulgar and brutal bid for publicity. We would prefer to blame it on defective know-how, a sort of delayed action brainstorm—delayed for exactly four hours. The situation was new and the man was stumped.

So, for the benefit of car owners, service station operators, and hot rods with adventurous cats, we suggest this procedure in similar emergencies:

Don't rouse the sheriff or break up the pinochle game at the firehouse. Don't go rushing around for someone with a Speed Graflex. Get out your old gardening gloves right away. Ease Kitty out of her painful head stand. Take her into the kitchen. And give her a saucer of milk.

You won't get your name in the paper. Kitty won't get her picture in either. But she would probably settle for it that way.

The A.S.P.C.A. would feel better about it, too.

THE Piltdown Man has bowed out as a million-year-old representative of the species, *Homo Sapiens*. It turns out that he wasn't a factory job at all. Only a rebuild. His skull-

piece was human. His jaw was ape. As an evolutionary specimen, he was a worthless young squirt. His skull was only fifty thousand years old. His jaw probably wasn't as old as the Bronx Zoo.

The Piltdown fizzle has a valuable message, particularly for amateur scientists.

THE SIGN

You can't always judge a man by his face or his pate. Old Piltdown, himself, as the anthropologists had reconstructed him in plaster, could have been a successful dentist, congressman, or editor—as far as appearance was concerned. In a modern haircut and a hundred-dollar suit he would look as sharp as most racketeers or television Emcees.

In the past, certain reckless biologists applied too simple a test in labeling anthropoid relics dug out of old gravel pits. They took a tape measure and determined the size of the head. The larger the brain, they argued, the higher the intelligence. But the test yielded some awkward results:

Many Oscar winners and novelists haven't as large a brain volume as the primitive Peking man. Which, of course, doesn't mean that they are apes. Certain South American apes have proportionally a much larger brain than modern man. But that doesn't mean that they will ever excel in the field of either nuclear physics or football. It only means that reason is ultimately a spiritual power which is not necessarily determined by the jut of a jaw or the prominence of a cheekbone.

Aside from the twinkle in the eye, there is perhaps no such thing as a human look. Human faces and heads come in all sizes and shapes, as anyone can observe on any busy street in the world.

The better test of the presence of man is not the brain pan he wore but the gadgets he made. If you find flint knives, stone shillelaghs, or pictures of reindeer scratched on cave walls, you have something much safer to go by than an odd looking tooth or a piece of cranium.

In every monkey cage, there are teeth and craniums. But even in this advanced evolutionary age, and after associating with all the human culture that files curiously past their cages, our monkeys show no interest in such things as knitting booties or whittling toy ships to pass the time. They just don't seem to have it in them.

It's the soul—not the noggin—that makes the difference.

If we learn that much from the Piltdown man, he will not have lived in vain.

THIS year we feel unusually hopeful in wishing our readers a Happy New Year. Because 1954 has been dedicated by the Church to Our Blessed Lady. The most courteous

lady in the world, she will surely be grateful in a very practical way. And since God routes all His graces through her, this

year we may expect many bursts of brightness in the customary international gloom and some slowing of the depressing drift toward secularism as an ideal element of democracy.

That is Our Lady's end of the business and she will take care of it. But how about us? What are we expected to do?

Well—first of all, we can take better care of our souls. She is our spiritual mother. We probably frighten her half to death with our generous way of giving the devil a better than even break. So, as far as our soul is concerned, we could be a little smarter, a little more considerate of her. No more playing with matches. No more leaning out of the attic window or riding our bicycle "no hands."

As a conscience-cleansing project, this boils down to: sincere reception of the sacraments, oftener. She would love that.

Then, there will be special church services in her honor. We suggest that you attend them. At least, some of them. TV has raised hell with evening Church devotions as well as with the movie trade. But if you have to miss your favorite program occasionally, why not? We all make greater sacrifices to accommodate an in-law or to make a hit with the boss.



Gilloon
Young New Yorker, Merrit Spiegel, called for jury duty, is shown with notice before Supreme Court building. Merrit wonders whether they meant Radio's "Juvenile Jury."



Religious News
New microfilm library at St. Louis University, to contain Vatican manuscripts, was announced by Archbishop Ritter of St. Louis and Jesuit Superior General John B. Janssens.



Harris & Ewing
Reporter Edward Mowery blamed Red smugglers for rise of dope addiction among U.S. teen-agers at Senate hearing. He said U.S. aids dope production in some countries.



United Press

Dog Days are over for this St. Bernard at famous Alpine Augustinian monastery. Seems travelers can now take care of themselves. Next to go will be the cigar-store Indian!



Wide World

Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick becomes the second Catholic to be appointed as Head Undersecretary of British Foreign Office. Earlier, he was High Commissioner in Germany.



United Press

Korean reconstruction is now well under way. These new houses are part of project near Seoul built to alleviate war-aggravated shortage. American help plays key role.

Gleason, Godfrey, and Lucy won't mind. In such a good cause, they would gladly accept that much of a dip in their ratings.

Welfare work is particularly dear to Our Lady. And especially that which favors the victims of poverty and persecution. Women whose children are born away from home. Families who had to run from the secret police. She loves them because she shared the same shattering adventures. She loves everyone who helps them. For her sake, why not contribute a little more to relief this year than you otherwise would?

The Bishops of the United States and the pastor of your parish will organize suitable programs to honor Our Lady and further her interests. They will provide you with ideas. But you will have to provide the follow-up.

A good follow-up could make 1954 the best year of your life.

EVERY year in January comes the Chair of Unity Octave. Promoted by the Atonement Friars of Graymoor, New York, it is now observed in countries throughout the world and in a special way in Rome itself. Later, at the end of May, a congress of Eastern Rites in Philadelphia will bring visitors from all over the world.

The Octave, running from the Feast of St. Peter's Chair at Rome to the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul—January 18 to 25—is devoted to prayer for the conversion of all outside the Church, including lapsed Catholics. But it has served in past years to familiarize American Catholics with one group whose very existence we in the Western Hemisphere can all too easily forget. They are the so-called dissident Christians, of Eastern Rites, who do not recognize the authority of the Holy See.

Prayer for their return to the fold was never more in order than in this era of suffering for many of their homelands.

The Congress in May will bring into focus another aspect of the situation. It will raise before the eyes of many American Catholics for the first time a striking picture of the splendor and variety of the non-Latin Rites within the Catholic Church and in communion with Rome. And it will tell us dramatically the hidden story of the strength of these Rites in the Western Hemisphere.

Most numerous of these groups in the United States are the Ruthenian Catholics of Ukrainian and sub-Carpathian descent. With their Bishops and headquarters in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh respectively, these two groups number well over 300,000 Catholics each. Their Rite is Byzantine, their Church language Old Slavonic, mother of modern Russian.

Also represented in the May Congress will be Americans whose Church language is Syriac, Greek, Rumanian, or Armenian. Most colorful figure participating will be the Armenian Cardinal Patriarch from Beirut, His Eminence Gregory Peter XV Agagianian.

The May event is to be a Eucharistic and Marian Congress. Its theme: "Through Mary to Christ." None can more fittingly point that way, in this year of Mary. Devotion to the Mother of God has been a historic mark of Catholics of the Eastern Rites.

Eastern-Rite Catholicism in Europe is a constant reminder to the lords of the Kremlin that the Church is not foreign but native and very dear to the hearts of Slavic peoples. In the Near East cradle of Christianity, the present travail may well be the germ of new growth and flourishing for the Eastern Rites in decades to come. And both groups may any decade now become the inspiration for a return of dissident Christians to the fold of Peter.

If WAR Comes

by JIM BISHOP

The deadly pilotless bomber will play its part in future wars.
(Circle) Gen. LeMay, commander of SAC's nerve center in Omaha

Official
Air Force
Photos

An attack by the Communists, and Russia could go up in smoke. What are we doing to prepare for that attack?

The most terrible question facing the world today is that of another World War. Will war come, and if it does, how well prepared are we and what shall we do?

Whether war will come is anybody's guess. That depends on a small group of men in the Kremlin. How well we are prepared and what will happen if it does come is not guesswork.

To get the facts, THE SIGN sent its own correspondent, not only to talk to top brass in the Pentagon, but to fly in the planes that will defend us and attack our enemies, to sail in the ships that will keep open the supply lines of the world, and to survey the camps and proving grounds where men and weap-

ons are readied for a life-and-death struggle.

Here is the report on the Air Force. In subsequent issues, our correspondent will report on the Navy and Army.

I. The Air Force

Aboard B-36 Bomber Number 1354—This is a serene world of peach and blue. Five miles straight down is the earth, but we cannot see it. We are flying in the middle of a snowy saucer. Over our heads is an inverted indigo cup. That's what this world is like—hundreds of miles of white clouds beneath our wings; hundreds of miles of clear, deep-blue sky above. No matter how many hours our giant engines thrum, no matter how many thousands

of miles we fly, we still seem to be in the center of the same saucer.

Fifteen men are aboard. They are mature men, a step or two this side or that of thirty. They have no time to look out at this world of peach and blue, nor even to glance at the three-quarter moon which is now in a death struggle with the sun for light. These men are playing at war. Playing in earnest.

Tomorrow—who knows?

Their job now is to simulate a drop of an atom bomb on Atlanta, Georgia. The bomb dropped on Hiroshima had the power of 20,000 tons of T.N.T. The one which, theoretically, we will drop on Atlanta this afternoon will have the power of millions of tons of T.N.T. We will not drop it at random in Atlanta.

It will be aimed at one corner of one building on one street.

War is now an exact science.

We do not see the city below. We see clouds stretching a hundred miles in every direction, broken in the distance by fat Santas jutting into the sun. Only Major David T. Lane sees the city. He has the face of a grinning schoolboy, but he is twenty-nine. He is married and he has three children. Everybody calls him "Jimmy." He keeps his gold-rimmed spectacles against the radarscope, and his right hand plays with a rubber toggle switch which lines up the cross-hairs with the target. He sees the rivers, the highways, the airports, the skyscrapers, even the barns on the farms as they drag slowly across the sight. At his side is a panel which tells him, at all times, the exact latitude and longitude of this plane in degrees and minutes, no matter how it twists or turns.

On the lower deck of the nose, in front of Major Lane and to the left, sits Major Francis J. Gstrein. He is the navigator and he works at a desk near the frozen plexiglass with maps, calipers and pencils. Frank is broad and husky and blue-eyed and deep-voiced. He is Catholic and single. The crew says he remains single "as an excuse to stay rich." Like most of the others, he is a career Air Force man. He was in the last war and, if God wills it, he'll be in

the next one. Now he makes a final calculation and into the inter-com phone he says, "Atlanta is fourteen minutes, twenty seconds away." Jimmy Lane listens and nods. It checks.

The thin, bald one who stands between them on this lower deck of the nose is Major Lawrence J. Enning, co-Radar Observer. He and Lane are the men who will press the button which releases The Thing. Larry Enning is married, has two children, and his confreres say, always has "one on the way." He is a member of the Knights of Columbus.

ON the upper deck of the nose are four men. Two face front; two face the rear. The head man is not called a pilot in a B-36. The plane is too big for that. On the ground, the tail is over four stories high. There are ten engines and 19-foot propellers. Four are jets. From wing tip to wing tip is almost the length of a football field. So they call the head man an "Aircraft Commander."

He is the big guy on the left. His name is Lieut. Col. Bobbie Cavnar and he has 5,000 hours in his air log. He is so big and his jowls are so blue that he looks like the riveter in the Gillette Blue Blades television cartoons. He is super-careful about every phase of flight, and a radio engineer cannot even change a fifty-cent tube without telling

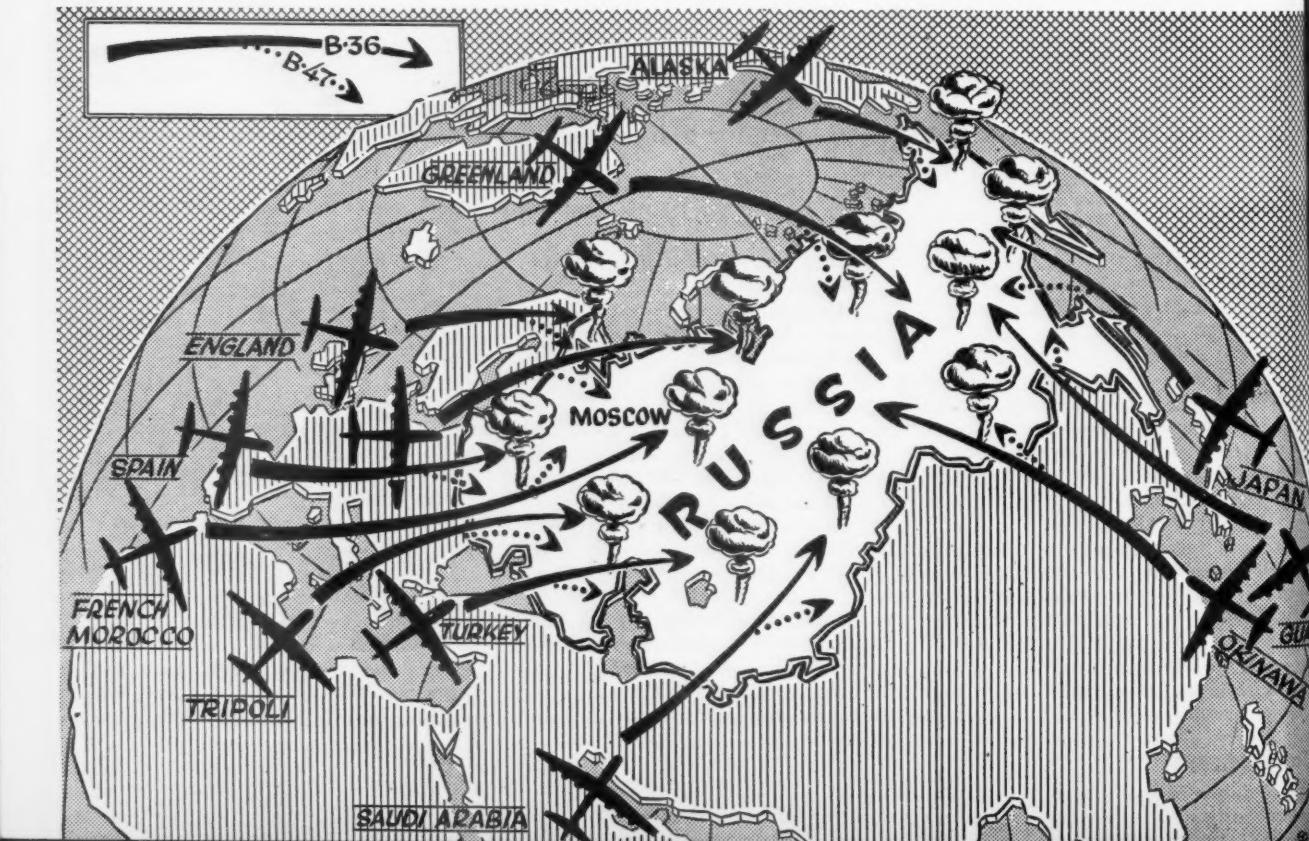
the Air Commander about it and getting an okay. His crew thinks that Bobbie is the greatest big bomber boss in the world. They may be right, because Cavnar's group is called a "Select Crew"; that means their work has been so highly efficient that many men aboard have won a spot promotion. Most of the non-coms are Master Sergeants.

The Aircraft Commander—he's called "A.C." on the inter-com—is twenty-nine, married, has five children, and is a convert to Catholicism. He has two pilots working for him, and now he sits looking at dials and keeping inter-com silence as Jimmy Lane guides the plane on the final target run. To his right is Captain Gerald B. Antlink, co-pilot. Antlink is called "Red," for reasons which stick out from under his baseball cap. He is thirty-six, married, and comes from Grand Rapids, Michigan. He is second in command.

Behind them, facing a panel of gauges the size of a pool table, sits the Air Engineer and assistant. This is Captain Raymond E. Allison. He is thirty-nine, the pappy of them all, and he watches the heat gauges and the pressure gauges and the fuel gauges and the engine-performance gauges all day long and far into the night. The only time he leaves his station—with permission on the phone from the A.C.—is when he smells the homey odor of fresh coffee from the radio room.

MAP BY FRANK EVERE

Russia is ringed by SAC bases on constant alert to launch destructive counterattack



A huge bombs

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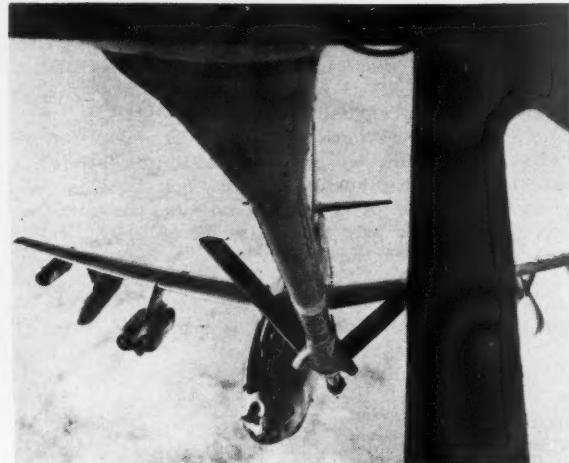
A bom on the For pos

Jan



Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corp.

A huge B-36 is pushed up by ten engines. It can carry bombs 5,000 miles, precision bomb, then come home



Looking down a refueling pipe aimed at the nose slot of a B-47. SAC has made air-to-air refueling easy

Ray Allison has a problem. At this minute, his wife is in All Saints Episcopal Hospital in Fort Worth having a caesarian section. He doesn't mention it. No one else does either. But they all know it, and they have all been blood-typed. Everyone except Allison knows that the A.C. has arranged with eighth Air Force Headquarters at Carswell, Texas, to flash word to the plane if Mrs. Allison is not doing well. If that word comes, a rare thing will happen: this B-36 will swing off course by special permission and will streak for Fort Worth.

Behind the Radar compartment is the radio room, with two operators. Behind them are four bomb bays big enough to hold three loaded freight cars. This section is not pressurized against the rare atmosphere. It has an 85-foot tunnel running through it. To get from the front of the plane to the back, a man enters a small bank-vault door, lies on his back on a sled mounted on rails, and, by means of an overhead wire, pulls himself through the plane. In the back of the plane are gunners who man twin-mounted 20-millimeter cannon.

WE are near Atlanta. With one hand, Jimmy Lane keeps 184 tons of dead metal on course as he watches the target through the radar. Besides that weight, he has 18,000 gallons of fuel in the wing tanks, plus the crew, plus the weight of the atomic bombs—which this ship could carry with ease. It can pack one hundred-thirty-two 500-pound bombs without strain.

A radio tone is now emitted by the bomber. It sounds like a single note on a wailing saxophone. Far below, at the exact site of the target, an Air Force Radar crew is now checking the position of our bomber. They know

how high we are, how fast we are moving, what course we are on. They, too, hear the monotonous tone. When the bomb is released, the tone will be interrupted. On the ground an electronic recorder will note the moment that it stops. The radar crew below will plot the course of the falling bomb—taking into consideration height, forward speed, the falling speed of a free body, cross-currents at various levels in the downward flight, and temperatures—and will let us know within three minutes whether we have hit the exact corner of the exact building on the exact street in Atlanta.

The word comes. The bomb took about forty seconds to fall and it landed near the target within effective range. Cavnar swings the plane around slowly. It takes five miles of room to turn this bomber. We go back fifty miles, and then we turn and make the bomb run all over again. Our score is good. Cavnar swings the plane back again. The whole job is done a third time. And a fourth.

This is not our first target, nor our last. On this flight, we have bombed such diverse points in the United States as Oklahoma City, Kansas City, Muscle Shoals, and Houston. We have made a time run on Wichita. A time run is a superhuman effort to get a plane to a certain place at a certain minute. Not thirty seconds early, nor thirty late. On time.

A refueling plane can transfuse gasoline into three little fighter planes simultaneously. This means that the fighters can travel further, much further. If a B-36 wants them to protect it on a bomb run over enemy territory, it had better learn to be where it says it will be at the time specified. So time runs are made incessantly, and if Gstrein thinks that they will arrive at Wichita 60 sec-

onds ahead of time, the A.C. will pull the B-36 off course into a 60-degree right angle turn and then swing her back on course again. If we weren't so high, the people below could set their watches by us.

THAT's your weapon if war comes. That and the B-47 all-jet bomber and F-84 fighter. The B-47 and the F-84 gulp fluids like a drunk who has just fallen off the wagon, and they cannot go as far as the B-36 without refueling. The B-36 can carry 10,000 pounds of bombs 5,000 miles out, drop them and come home. The bombs can level all of Moscow.

There's the difference. If war comes, bomber pilots will not have to go back ten or more times to reduce a city to brick dust. It will be done by one plane, on one mission, one time. When it leaves, there will be no more city from Main Street out to the farms.

We have several hundred B-36's. We have a few hundred fast B-47's. No one knows how many atom bombs we have, but it's a safe guess to say several thousand. The Russians have a much bigger strategic air force than we. They have many hundreds of TU-4's, which are slower and smaller than our B-36, and they have a new, all-jet heavy bomber coming up. It is safe to say they have several hundred atom bombs.

Thus, if each has more than enough to destroy the other in a few days and has the planes to deliver the bombs, we come to a very-short-war thesis. Man is now beyond his depth in thinking. The truth about a next war has shocked admirals and generals on both sides. Both sides now know that the winner of such a war can expect nothing but ruins and death and disease. This, in turn, leads to Dr. J. Robert Oppen-

heimer's principle of two scorpions in a bottle. Neither one can withdraw from the scene. Neither one dares to take his sleepless eyes off the other.

The Soviet Union knows this. The men in the Kremlin are not stupid. The opposite is true. But they continue to ride the bicycle of diplomacy no hands, just to show off. They started out to scare the free world, and they have done an excellent job of it.

WAR can come in only one of two ways: (1) The Soviet Union will blunder into it, unintentionally. (2) The Soviet Union will gird its strength to its highest peak and then deliberately precipitate a war. In the first instance, they can start a small war in any country where the free world borders on the slave world. They may think that they can control it. It may get out of control. There are many unintentional ways that war could start.

The opening move could occur on a Saturday evening an hour before sundown. We are a great nation for giving our men week-end passes. In all installations, our strength is probably lowest on Saturday at 5 p.m. And the first blow will probably be the Russian bombing of our Strategic Air Force bases around the globe.

There is reason to believe that Russia does not fear our Army. Hers is eight times bigger. She fears our Navy, but she believes that, given enough time and enough big submarines, she can cancel our fleet. But she must seek out and destroy our big bombers on the opening day of any war, or else they will seek out and destroy her cities in a matter of hours.

The hour before sundown is tactically sound because, in turning homeward after the attack, the enemy bombers

would have the protection of night plus, perhaps, the protection of dispersing.

Thus, Russia will have to nullify the Strategic Air Force—a knife at her throat—before she attacks the mainland of the United States. To do this, she must cripple the necklace of SAC bases which General Curtis LeMay has built around the Soviet Union. If any one of them is attacked, the word will be flashed to the others at once, so the job of the Russians is to attack all of them simultaneously. We have SAC bases and SAC bombers at such places as England, French Morocco, Tripoli, Turkey, Saudi Arabia, Okinawa, Guam, Japan, and Alaska.

EVEN if Russia's three air armies are thrown into this one toss of the dice, it is doubtful that they can roll a natural. We have warning nets between our bases and Soviet soil. We have fighter patrols waiting in the high skies for trouble. And, if Russia doesn't do a complete job of annihilation on the opening blow, she is a gone goose. As sure as sunrise, SAC, which needs only the permission of the President of the United States to use the atom bomb, will be off and flying toward targets already selected in a matter of a few hours. Our strength now is such that we can even reach Tomsk, and that's in the middle of the land mass of Russia.

And our first targets will be their SAC, their Strategic Air Force, bases. Thus the opening moves, if war comes, will be a fight for control of the air.

Whoever wins it will win the war.

It is night now and our B-36 has been flying westward for some time. The moon resurfaces the port wing, a

JIM BISHOP, author of "The Mark Hellinger Story" and other biographies, was formerly War Editor of *Collier's* and Executive Editor of *Liberty Magazine*. He wrote this article on special assignment for THE SIGN.

huge club of a thing seven feet thick. Master Sergeant Robert McElroy, our first radio operator, is ordering dinner by inter-com. The food is stored, frozen, in a refrigerator in the stern. It is covered with tin foil and it will be placed in an electric oven, heated for a half hour, and then sent forward through the tunnel on a sled.

The smell of coffee again permeates the ship, and Bobbie Cavnar takes a deep sniff and mutters into the inter-com, "Think I'll grab something to eat. Captain Antlink, take over." Antlink does.

We have been in the center of this snowy bowl for eleven hours without apparently moving at all. Now there is a break in the clouds, and below, in the night, a city sparkles with light on the port side. Chief Gunner Paul R. Windham points. "New Orleans," he says. "Seventy miles away." Like a woman, it looks more beautiful at night.

MODERN air forces are cut up in three ways: strategic, tactical, and air defense. The strategic is the hitting weapon: the delivery boys who carry the atom bomb. The air defense command must defend the country from enemy bombers. The tactical force must assist the army in fighting a ground war. When Phase One of the war (the fight for control of the air) is finished, Phase Two (the job of destruction) will begin. If the Russians win Phase One, then

(Continued on page 77)



The author is briefed by Co-pilot Antlink, Navigator Gstrein, Capt. Allison, and Aircraft Commander Cavnar



The final check is completed and Number 1354 is set to go. Ahead of her is an easy 3,000-mile flight

Trouble-Shooting Ambassador

Major General "Wild Bill" Donovan, the new United States Ambassador to Thailand, is the sort of human being God planned when He decided to make a man

by WILLIAM M. HEALY

TOO often the appointment of a United States Ambassador by a newly elected president has been strictly a political plum for a worthy campaign contributor. One of the most notable current exceptions to this hardy tradition was President Eisenhower's nomination of Major General (ret.) William Joseph ("Wild Bill") Donovan to be Ambassador to Thailand.

Donovan is a lawyer by profession but has made a storybook career on the side as a military and diplomatic adventurer that eminently qualified him for the hot-spot Embassy post on the uncomfortable edge of Chinese Communism in Southeast Asia. In fact, his trouble-shooting talents—as well as his non-partisan integrity—long ago became so well established that he has been summoned to tough assignments by Democrats as well as Republicans.

In 1940, for example, he was one of President Roosevelt's most outspoken critics. Yet this did not prevent him from carrying out "fact-finding missions" abroad at F.D.R.'s behest. The quiet-spoken New Yorker shuttled from one foreign capital to another as a kind of global sleuth sizing up trouble spots from the Balkans to the Middle East. More than once he returned to his hotel room to find that it had been looted.

Once Donovan arrived in Rome for a

"casual" visit with Mussolini. The Duce was then thought to be massing troops in North Africa. When the Italian dictator refused Donovan permission to review his legions, Donovan shrugged his shoulders. Turning to one of Mussolini's aides, he remarked: "It doesn't matter, we know the Italians haven't got much, anyway." Infuriated, Benito issued personal orders letting down all bars to the brash Yankee—much to the benefit of our intelligence experts.

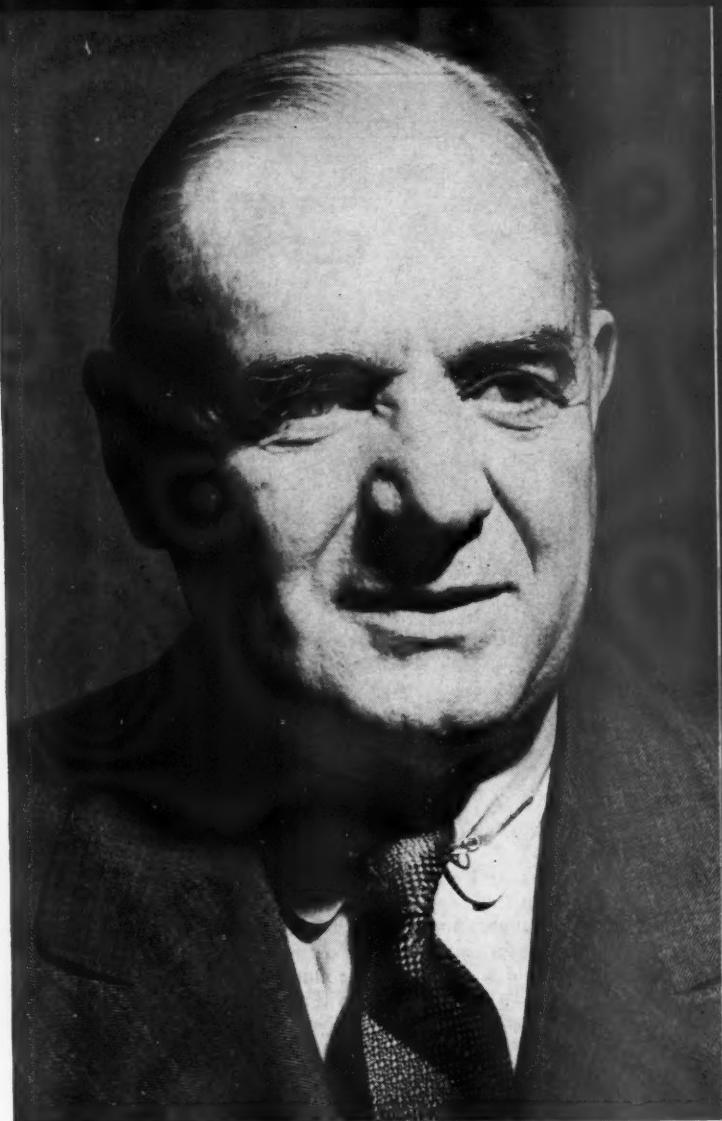
As Chief of World War II's clandestine Office of Strategic Services, Donovan was less conspicuous than he was as the legendary "Wild Bill" of the A.E.F.'s largely Catholic "Fighting 69th." Yet his shrewd handling of the post from behind a desk in Washington is principally responsible for the success the O.S.S. achieved.

Donovan, a devout Catholic as well as a staunch Republican, is one genera-

tion removed from County Cork. His 180 pounds are distributed compactly over a medium-sized frame. A twinkle in his eye denotes an ancestral capacity for humor. At seventy, he is in robust health and looking forward to his newest assignment with all the relish of an untried supernumerary.

Donovan was born on New Year's Day in Buffalo, New York, in 1883. He was the second son of Timothy P. and Anna Donovan, a County Cork couple. The senior Donovan, known to his cronies as "Fingy," was a Republican leader in one of Erie County's Irish wards. Young Bill attended Niagara University prep school and then went on to Columbia University, participated

WILLIAM M. HEALY is a writer for a government public relations bureau. He has written several articles on Catholic public figures for *The Sian* and other publications.



Donovan's capacity for humor is seen in his twinkling eyes

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◀ Returning from World War I, Donovan (right) marched up Fifth Avenue with such heroes as the 69th's Father Duffy (left). ▲ On a mission in the South Pacific in World War II, Donovan is greeted as he lands

in four sports, and got his Bachelor of Arts degree in 1905.

In 1914 Donovan married Ruth Rumsey, a Buffalo girl and member of one of the city's oldest families. The Donovans, with their two children, David and Patricia, were ready to settle for the unspectacular career of a corporation lawyer when trouble broke out along the Mexican border.

Donovan's response was to organize a National Guard cavalry unit consisting of thirty young men. Within six months, though he had only been astride a horse twice in his life, he was named captain of the troop.

IT was in the Mexican fracas that Donovan acquired his rather unsuitable nickname. Operating on the tried but unpopular principle that practice makes perfect, Donovan had a habit of taking his men on cross-country ditch-jumping jaunts under full pack whenever there was a lull. During one of these rugged exercises, one of his charges sat down and refused to budge. "We're different," he explained to Donovan. "We're just not as wild as you are."

A year later, Donovan was in Poland. At thirty-two, he had the responsibility of obtaining food in Holland and arranging for its transportation to cut-off, beleaguered Poland. He had scarcely carried out the assignment for the Rockefeller Institute when the United States entered the war.

Donovan promptly donned his uniform again and at his own request found his way to the 42nd Division's "Fighting 69th," now designated the 165th Infantry Regiment. He was promoted to lieutenant colonel and then to colonel. He spent twenty-one months in France, was wounded three times, and received six decorations from three governments.

One of these was the Congressional Medal of Honor, awarded for conduct in the battle of St. Mihiel, in October of 1918. The award was a rarer commodity in 1918 than it was during World War II and helped make Donovan a legend among his battery mates in the A.E.F.

Raw courage was not the only Donovan ingredient which contributed to his reputation. He was, according to one correspondent, the "most feared, loved, and hated man in the A.E.F." He was that rare officer, an abused but respected man. Once, a soldier carrying him on a litter after a sniper's bullet had shattered his knee, put him down to wipe the sweat from his brow and said: "By gosh, Colonel, I never thought I'd do this for you when you fined me eighty dollars for being drunk."

On another occasion, when Donovan was told by Father Duffy, the 69th's equally legendary chaplain, that one of his men had described the Colonel in words of one syllable and then added: "But he's a game one," Donovan

answered: "Father, that's what I want on my epitaph."

Later, referring to Donovan's heroism at St. Mihiel, Father Duffy said: "He would stand out in front of the men lying in shell holes into which he had ordered them. Quite unconcernedly, he would read his field map. Around his feet machine gun bullets would kick up spurts of dust. He seemed not to notice them. It was more like a Civil War picture than anything we'd seen in the fighting, to watch the line of troops move forward led by their commander."

AT the close of the war, Donovan went to Japan as associate of the Ambassador. From Tokyo he went to Siberia to study the organization of a counter-revolutionary army and reported on the economic, military, and political aspects of the situation there.

When the Bolsheviks defeated the counter-revolutionary forces, Donovan was led to start a thorough study of Communism, which he readily recognized as a major threat to man's freedom. Today he has a well-stocked library on the subject, collected from all parts of the world.

In 1922, Donovan entered politics, running for lieutenant governor of New York State on the G.O.P. ticket. Though the victory went to the Democrats, Donovan ran ahead of his party. A few months later he was chosen U.S. district attorney for the western district

of the state. One of his duties was the unpopular one of enforcing the local prohibition statutes.

Donovan caught the eye of a former law teacher of his at Columbia, U.S. Attorney General and later Supreme Court Justice Harlan Stone, and was summoned to Washington to take the job as his assistant. Stone was looking for men of unquestioned integrity, since the Teapot Dome scandal had tottered the Harding Administration's prestige.

Donovan came to the Capital at a salary of \$10,000, leaving behind him a lucrative law practice running into six figures. One of his first acts was to announce that he considered it as much his job to prevent illegal mergers of businesses as it was to prosecute after the consolidation had been completed.

Looking back on those years, he says:

"I decided to be a traffic cop rather than a homicide detective. I didn't believe in treating American businessmen as though they were narcotics peddlers."

An Eastern banker once said of Donovan during his enforcement days: "There is a policeman down in Washington who must have the best clipping bureau in America. The minute an announcement is made in the public press of one company buying another or of some form of business merger, the banker involved in the deal is sure to get a letter from Donovan in the Department of Justice. Donovan asks the banker to come down to Washington and tell him all about his plans. If the Department doesn't think the plans are legal he takes action which prevents their being carried out."

DONOVAN is given much of the credit for inaugurating the practice of giving opinions on proposed mergers. While he was still in the Justice Department, a group of influential Buffalo citizens met to form what Donovan regarded as a bread trust. As the enforcer of the Clayton-Sherman anti-trust laws, Donovan called the planners to his office and quietly told them to "cease and desist," though the group represented millions of dollars. "And yet," one of the businessmen was heard to remark later, "Bill Donovan never lost a friend in Buffalo by that act."

By 1929, Donovan was back in private practice, but still at his old habit of taking on added public duties. In 1932, running again as the Republican nominee, he lost a race for the governorship of his state to Herbert Lehman, now a U.S. senator.

When war clouds began to threaten, Donovan's reputation for cutting through the miasma of political intrigue and ballyhoo surrounding many issues in Washington was recognized by President Roosevelt. He was once more

pressed into service. Rumors followed wherever he went; Donovan was going to the Near East to inspect the British forces there and to try to swing Weygand around to the Allied cause; he was going to England to talk with Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy; he was going to carry out any number of missions, all of them secret, all of them highly confidential.

Once he boarded a clipper for Lisbon, ostensibly on "business" but carrying a special passport which allowed him to travel in a British plane. Upon his return he announced he had been abroad on a confidential mission for the late Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox and reported both to Knox and F.D.R.

Soon afterward, he released a series of articles prepared with the help of foreign correspondent Edgar Mowrer. The articles were the first to describe in detail the workings of the German "fifth column." About the same time came the "destroyers for bases" deal with Great Britain, an event which many observers refused to believe was just coincidental with Donovan's trip.

In July of 1941 Donovan was ap-



In 1946, Donovan was honored by King of Siam for OSS job in Asia

pointed Coordinator of Defense Information. It was a civilian post entailing the sifting and condensing of departmental intelligence reports for the eye of the President.

The first thing he did was to muster a council of geographers, historians, and psychologists to contrive an anti-Axis strategy. In fact, Donovan was probably the first U.S. official to recognize the effect of short wave broadcasts as counter propaganda.

Long before the "Voice of America" came into being, he appointed an editor to winnow through the day's diplomatic

dispatches and produce a daily news file of some 10,000 words. The report was fed from the State Department in Washington to New York and then relayed from New York via telegraph to eleven short wave stations in Europe. It was our first attempt at direct participation in the war of nerves.

When the temperature of the cold war rose abruptly, F.D.R. again called upon Donovan. He seemed the logical man to head up the newly formed Office of Strategic Services, the "O.S.S." in popular terminology. Legally, its function was to "collect, analyze, and evaluate strategic information and to operate special service." In everyday language, this meant the O.S.S. was to be up to its neck in the twilight business of fathoming the enemy's moves almost as soon as they were formulated.

THE O.S.S., as such, went out of existence by executive order in September 1945 but, thanks to Donovan, its remains were not scattered throughout other governmental agencies. He stayed on the job long enough to see to it that a clearing house tying together all intelligence agencies, the Central Intelligence Agency, was set up.

After the war Donovan went back to his law firm, Donovan, Leisure, Newton, and Irving. He remained relatively anonymous, except for active membership in such organizations as the Committee on the Present Danger, an anti-Communist group, and the Committee for a United Europe.

By 1953, however, he was heading up a special program under Mutual Security Director Harold Stassen designed to tighten up East-West trade controls under the Battle Act, so as to prevent strategic goods from reaching the Soviet bloc.

When the Eisenhower Administration began looking around for a man to succeed Ambassador Stanton in Thailand, it was clear that the post called for more than mere adherence to G.O.P. tenets. Thailand is squarely in the path of Communist aggression and only a few months ago Chinese Communist invaders from neighboring Laos threatened to cross the border. Its capital city, Bangkok, is a cockpit of East-West intrigue.

William J. Donovan, once described in an understatement as "forthright and industrious," was nominated for the job by President Eisenhower. Within 48 hours he had been confirmed by the Senate.

Perhaps someone remembered that Hugh Fullerton, World War II foreign correspondent, had once said of Donovan: "Bill Donovan is the sort of a human being God planned when he decided to make a man."

Dan Doherty's Deficiency

WHAT one deplores as a deficiency may sometimes turn out to be an advantage. There was that King of Leinster, for instance, who was a stumpy little leprechaun of a man. As he drove through enemy territory one evening, an assassin's spear was hurled at his chariot. The spear was aimed where one might reasonably expect the head of a king to be—with the result that his highness missed death by a good two-and-a-half feet.

And there was the case of Dan Doherty, Ballyderrig's champion carpenter, whose fortunate drawback was his ignorance of the table manners of refined society. This is not to say that there was anything coarse or rough about him. Indeed, when he was washed and dressed in his Sunday panoply of high starched collar, bowler hat, respectable navy suit, and well-polished black boots, the small neat man looked as grand as any bank clerk. But Dan could not have told the difference between a fish knife and a fruit knife. When he mopped up his gravy with a piece of bread stuck on his fork, he was blissfully unconscious that he was being guilty of the worst kind of solecism. And he had a way of supping soup that would have given Mrs. Emily Post a heart attack.

Rosie Doherty had never found anything to deplore in her husband's table manners. This may have been because she always saw him with the eyes of love—and love's eyes, as some of us have the good fortune to know, are neither critical nor fault-finding. She had a little saying of her own with which she set the hallmark of excellence on everything that Dan fashioned, wore, did, or said. "Dan dear," she would say with delight, "it's the real Ally Daly."

There is no doubting that he was the real Ally Daly to her, and she to him, from the bright day when Dan, a shock-headed bridegroom of twenty-five, humbled himself before the shy radiance in Rosie's eyes to the leaden evening, thirty years later, when he watched the neighbors close those eyes and lay pennies on the lids.

by Maura Laverty

Clever Mary Doherty had never criticized her brother's shortcomings nor interfered in his private affairs. And there came a day when her attitude paid off

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES MAZOUJIAN

"Don't be grieving, Dan," his sister Mary comforted him at the wake. She was a kindly woman with a soothing note in her voice and a very soft corner in her heart for her only brother. "In the thirty years you had with Rosie, aren't you after having more happiness than most people know in a whole lifetime?"

"You never spoke a truer word," Dan agreed heartfully.

"It's a thought that should help to keep you from flying in the face of God," Mary told him.

So it did. Dan settled down to making the best of his widowed existence. Housekeeping presented few problems. Like most happily-married men, he had always been willing to lend Rosie a hand in her cooking and housework. He now found himself with enough skill to keep his body moderately well-nourished and his home moderately clean. And deficiencies were made good at the week-end when Mary, who was a cook in the hospital, cycled over from Edenderry to wash and clean and bake for him.

Hard work was a help, too, he found. With a plane or a saw in his hand, he was able to work some of the loneliness out of his heart. And, after a while, when the period of strict mourning was past, he found the twice-weekly whist drives in the Parochial Hall a welcome alternative to sitting in silent solitude at his kitchen fire.

He was popular with the card play-

ers. Although by no means brilliant, he was an adequate player, never aggressive, never irritable, never resentful toward a partner who played stupidly. "It could happen to a bishop," he would say kindly when a shame-faced partner apologized for forgetting to return his lead. "Won't it be all the same in a hundred years' time?"

There was real enthusiasm in the applause he received on the night he won the first prize of thirty shillings with a top score of 183.

IT was then he was marked down as her quarry by Statia Durnin, the ladylike spinster who reigned in the cash desk at Murphy's Stores.

The heart of any woman would have warmed to him that night, so pleased and shy did he look as he smiled his thanks. To be honest, I do not think that the more tender emotions had any bearing on Statia's decision. The undersized heart which was buried in her outsize bosom had become shriveled through disuse to the size of a pea. It was her oft-frustrated matrimonial ambitions which were stirred by the sight of Dan looking so guileless and defenseless.

Dan Doherty never quite knew how it came about that he found himself escorting Statia Durnin to and from the Parochial Hall. That he should, as a matter of course, sit beside her at the concert in aid of the school's rebuilding fund. That it was taken



Statia Durnin felt that she must be living through a nightmare as she watched her husband-elect

for granted he should present her with the three pairs of silk stockings which he won at the Christmas raffle.

Any student of human nature might have explained it to him. When Fate presents a ruthless spinster of forty-five with her last chance of making a kill, she will find ways and means of getting within shooting distance without alarming her prey into flight. It is especially easy if, as in this case, the prey is a sitting bird.

Mary Doherty was aghast when she realized that her brother was in danger of waking up some morning and finding himself married to this flint-eyed, self-important creature with her bossy ways and her air of believing herself better than anyone in the village. She did not mention her horror to her brother. The Dohertys had always possessed that admirable quality, so rare in families everywhere, the

ability to recognize that to share the same blood does not confer the right to share in matters that are private and personal. But as she stirred and mixed and kneaded in the kitchen of Edenderry Hospital, she gave long and serious thought to what she had come to think of as Dan's dilemma. "That he should even look at such a woman after gentle, little Rosie!" she marveled. "That he should give a thought to marrying again after the perfection of married life he knew for thirty years!"

Mary was mistaken in thinking that Dan, by letting himself fall in with Statia Durnin's plans, was making little of the happiness he had known with his wife. The truth is that no man is more accessible to a predatory woman than the widower who has known married joy. His very susceptibility to the suggestion that he should try to recapture something of what he has

lost is full proof of his appreciation.

It must be admitted that there were times during those months when Statia Durnin bore down on him that Dan fluttered as frightenedly as any bird seeing the ominous shadow of the hunter. The shadow was ominous—a big-chested, strong-featured shadow that threatened to suffocate him. But Statia usually managed to soothe his flutterings with flatteries and attentions that were welcome to the little man whose greatest bogey in life was the thought of those long desolate evenings when there was no whist drive nor concert to shorten the hours until bedtime. Just the same, some small cautionary inner voice kept him from putting the question which would have made the shadow a reality—although, as the days went by, he realized that escape was becoming more and more difficult.

Statia herself was not without mis-

givings during this time. "Did I ever think I'd see the day," she sometimes asked herself, "when I'd consider marrying a common tradesman?" For Statia had always prided herself on her social standing. Her mother was a retired teacher, her father a retired civil servant. She had been brought up to look on the laws of genteel behavior as being almost as important as the Ten Commandments. "First, thou shalt not tip thy soup plate toward thee," might be said to be Statia's bidding tenet. In the two rooms at the top of a decayed Dublin house which Statia always referred to as "my parents' flat in Merrion Square," the grandeur of late dinner had even, from time to time, been staged. All Ballyderrig had heard about this. From the time when the undiscerning winds of ill-fortune had blown her into the cash desk at Murphy's Stores, she had taken good care to let her country neighbors know how out of place she felt among them.

For descending to such depths as the pursuit of a carpenter, Statia found consolations. There was, for instance, Dan's gentlemanly appearance when, spruce and groomed, he moved quietly from table to table at the whist drives. And there was his snug little house in River Row. "I expect to have big news for you shortly," she wrote to her mother. "There is a widower here who is being very attentive." She added a postscript which lifted Dan's humble carpentry to the level of big business. "He is a woodwork contractor."

Statia's parents were impressed. They were so impressed that they invested in two-day excursion tickets so as to make the acquaintance of their daughter's suitor.

IT was Saturday afternoon. Mary Doherty was indulging in her usual weekend orgy of what she called "getting Dan straightened out." Polishing cloth in hand, she answered the doorbell to three imposing visitors.

"My parents have paid me a surprise visit," Statia announced brightly. "We've called to see Mr. Doherty." With a condescending smile, which was meant to point the contrast between Mary's working overall and the Durnin's very correct attire, she added, "It seems we've called at an inopportune moment."

"Indeed, you're more than welcome," Mary assured her genially, refusing to let herself be ruffled by the glint in Statia's eye—a glint which said that when the new Mrs. Doherty took possession, Dan's sister might expect to find herself unwanted. "Dan is out in the workshop; he has a rush job to finish. But come in and I'll call him and we'll have a cup of tea."

It would be nice to be able to believe that there was no guile in the way Mary Doherty neglected to call her brother until the tea was made and waiting on the table, that it was not with malice aforethought she allowed him no time for titivation before meeting his stylish visitors.

"But shouldn't I do myself up a bit, first?" Dan expostulated when she told him that his tea and the Durnins were waiting.

"Not at all," Mary said. "Do you want the tea to be spoiled? Come as you are, man dear. Just give your hands a wash at the sink the same as you always do."

She went back to the parlor where the Durnins sat stiffly, and she waited for her brother to make his entry.

It was an entry which startled the genteel Dublin couple who had been expecting a man whose appearance would tally with their notion of a prosperous contractor. It startled the woman who had never before seen Dan straight from his workshop.

He stood there looking shyly from one to another of the company, graying hair as wild as a tossed thornbush, chin

• Who overcomes by force, hath
overcome but half of his foe.

—John Milton

thick with stubble, his neck rising scraggly from a collarless shirt, his faded working clothes exuding their own particular smell in which the fragrance of woodshavings fought a losing battle with the odor of glue.

As graciously as shock would allow, Statia effected the introductions. Mary gave her demure attention to the pouring of the tea.

There was worse to come. It came when Dan displayed the deplorable deficiency in etiquette which I mentioned earlier. Now, it is my contention that every man has a right to choose the way he shall eat or drink—provided, of course, that he is not gross, and grossness was something that no one could ever have laid at Dan Doherty's door. His manner of drinking his tea, although not that which is common in the best circles, was one which his own personal tastes and a lifetime of usage had proved most convenient. Because he favored only the merest drop of milk, his tea was always too hot to drink straight from the cup. His logical course, therefore, was to drink it from the saucer. And, if it still proved too hot, to blow on it.

Statia Durnin felt that she must be living through a nightmare as she sat and watched her husband-elect. The Durnin parents did not watch him. They averted their eyes in shocked distaste.

Never was there a more uncomfortable tea-party. Dan was bewildered by the constraint of the three guests, who refused food and conversation and sat sipping their tea in silence. Mary was the only person there who was at ease. As light-heartedly as if a romance were not crumbling before her eyes, she chatted and reminisced. And if her talk was mostly of such oddities as their uncle who used to work on the canal boats and of their cousin who earned his living as a peddler, who is to say that it was inspired by anything but an innocent wish to make Statia and her parents feel really at home?

THE sorry visit dragged on with the Dubliners becoming more and more frozen. For all his guilelessness, Dan was neither unintelligent nor insensitive. Bewilderment gave way to anger when he saw that what he had at first accepted as shy constraint was a determined unfriendliness. When they rose to go, he did not press them to stay.

In the street, Mrs. Durnin turned reproachfully to Statia. "I hadn't realized that Mr. Doherty isn't quite—quite—"

"Isn't quite the same class as ourselves," Mr. Durnin finished for her.

"I hadn't fully realized it myself until half-an-hour ago," Statia snapped. She drew herself up to her full height. "Thank heaven I found it out in time!"

At that very moment, Dan Doherty, too, was offering thanks. "Thank heaven that's over!" he observed, settling himself for a nerve-soothing smoke.

Mary started to clear the table. After a moment's silence, she allowed herself her one and only oblique reference to her brother's courtship. "That what is over?" she queried. "Are you referring to the tea-party? Or to something else?"

"I'm referring to a lot of things," he answered grimly. He puffed until the pipe was drawing satisfactorily. When he spoke, his voice had the abashed humility of the chastened child who has had a bad scare. "Would you ever think of giving up your job, Mary, and coming here to keep house for me? Just in case I'd ever again be in danger of making a fool of myself. There's no doubt that a widower living on his own runs a terrible risk."

"I'll do it," Mary agreed. "And I think it's what Rosie, God be good to her, would have liked."

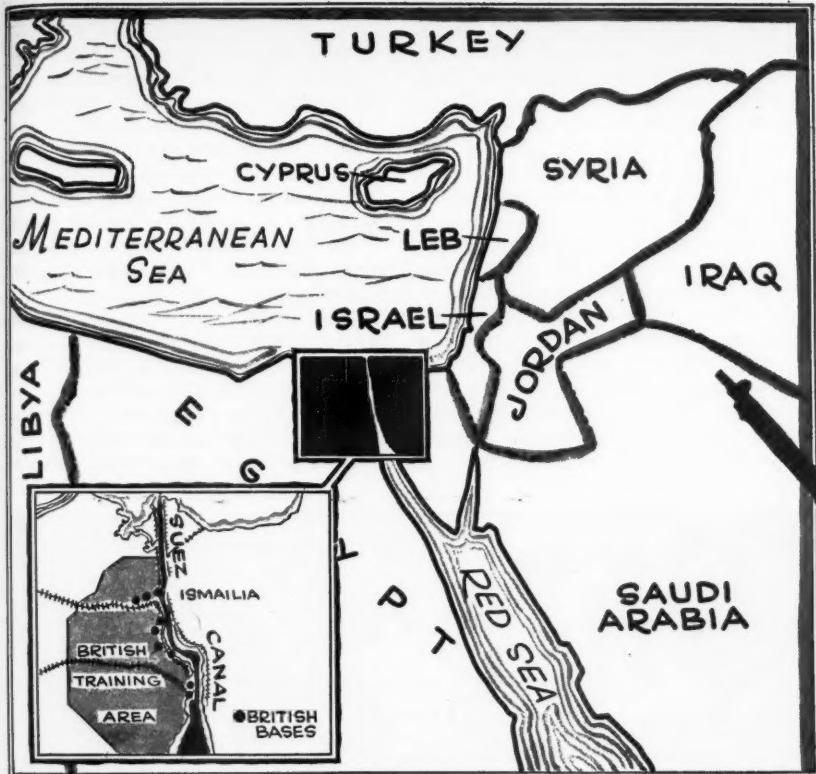
As plainly as if she were in the room with him, he heard Rosie saying, "Dan dear, it'll be the real Ally Daly!"

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Map by Frank Evers

The Suez area provides a natural land bridge to Africa. Will the Arabs kick out the British and let the Russians in?



Acme

Will the Arabs be our Allies?

Can the West depend on the Arabs to rise above nationalist animosities to hold the crucial land bridge to Africa? Here's a realistic view

by ALAN McGREGOR

A VIEW from the air is the best way to get the right perspective on Britain's huge billion-and-a-half-dollar military base in Egypt's Canal Zone, southern bastion of the Western Powers' defense build-up in the East Mediterranean.

From Port Said at the Canal's northern entrance, its harbor crowded with south-bound liners and tankers queuing up to enter the Suez Canal, you fly along the blue channel of that international waterway as it cuts through seventy miles of salt marsh and desert to Ismailia. Note, on the west bank, the adjacent twin roads, railway, and the thin brown ar-

tery of the incongruously named Sweet Water Canal which supplies the entire Zone with the waters of the distant Nile.

Fly on, past the white villas and lush gardens of Ismailia, then out over Lake Timsah and the Great and Little Bitter Lakes, through which the Canal runs on its next thirty-seven miles to the Red Sea at Suez.

Circling Suez Bay, your aircraft (in my case a single-engined light plane of the Royal Air Force, which, as the pilot said, "gives you plenty of time to see everything—not like those jets") banks over the tall dockside cranes at Adabiyyah, a deep-water port built and operated by British Army engineers, and

the silvery storage tanks of the nearby Shell refinery.

Then north again, past more airfields, water-purifying plants, fuel and ammunition dumps, to the Fayid headquarters of Middle East Land Forces, by the edge of the Great Bitter Lake. This is a city with neat streets of family bungalows and grass playing fields.

Lastly, before returning to land at Middle East Air Force H.Q., outside Ismailia, fly out to the western tip of the Zone for a look at sun-baked Tel el Kebir (they call it "Tek" for short), the world's largest overseas base ordnance depot, lying fortress-like within its rusty barbed-wire perimeter, only six miles

from the green patchwork of the Nile Delta.

As the brigadiers at Fayid rather tiredly point out—every visiting reporter expects the same briefing—the reasons for this 200-square-mile conglomeration of military-industrial installations, transforming a mediocre strip of Egyptian desert into the defensive heart of the Middle East, are the plain facts of geography and logistics. The Middle East area is a vital source of oil supply for the Western nations and contains about 60 per cent of the world's proven oil reserves. To the north, along 2,700 miles of frontiers, lies the Soviet Union. Persia, weakened by Communist intrigue, and Turkey alone could never stem a Russian thrust toward the oil-fields and on into Africa. The Arab countries' armies are small and technologically backward. The mere existence of this Canal Zone base is a powerful deterrent to aggression.

Straddling the land bridge between Asia and Africa—one of the main invasion routes of history—the Zone can be supplied from both the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean. It has adequate ports and internal communications—including the Suez Canal itself—ample water, food, and local labor from the thickly populated Delta. The base is designed to equip whole divisions, send them into the field anywhere in the Middle East, and maintain them there. On its string of airfields, jet fighters are ready always to meet trouble.

No alternative position in the entire area has anything approaching the same natural advantages and strategic importance—and a base such as this takes years to construct. True, a single atomic bomb could easily close the canal to traffic, but the double approach, Port Said and Suez—"the front door and the back"—would remain. The installations are not so vulnerable to A-bomb attack.

THIS is the way it looks at Fayid; a military justification for the base where it is. But in Cairo's effervescent nationalism, military logic is summarily brushed aside by the majority of Egyptians, who are opposed to the N.A.T.O. allies' retaining even a foothold in the Zone. However it may be expressed, this attitude is due to two basic factors:

I) Most Egyptians, heedless of their vulnerable geographical situation, want their country to be neutral in a future world conflict. They thus regard the existence of Western-owned military installations in the Canal Zone as "an impediment to neutrality." This sentiment has been fostered assiduously by the Peace Partisan Movement, which until recently functioned quite openly—overt Communism is illegal in Egypt—and gained many sympathizers.

2) Hatred of Western—especially British—"imperialism" has been inbred deeply by years of rabid outpourings from politicians and the press.

These two factors will not be affected by any new Anglo-Egyptian agreement providing for the care and maintenance of the Zone installations after the evacuation of British troops and making the base re-available to the West if a new global struggle is unleashed in the next few years. The underground Communists, whose leaflets revile General Mohammed Naguib and his oligarchic military junta as "Anglo-American stooges," will continue their efforts to exploit anti-Western feeling and pervert nationalism for Moscow's purposes.

The intensity of Egyptian antagonism toward the British is, of course, a

"financing and supporting Israel." Every action of British diplomacy—even its stupidest improvisations and blunders—is seen as part of an infinitely subtle Machiavellian long-term plan emanating from the wicked master minds of the Foreign Office. Generous American financial aid and technical assistance are interpreted as a bid to placate the Arabs vis-à-vis Israel and further proof of the State Department's subservience to the dictates of big business and the oil lobby.

Survey briefly the economic facts. In Egypt, Jordan, Syria, Lebanon, Iraq, Yemen, and Saudi Arabia (with Libya, these states form the membership of the Arab League), a total of almost forty million people, the majority are illiterate peasants or nomadic tribes-



The British have already used might to suppress Arab violence

consequence of Britain's having maintained forces there for seventy years, again a result of the area's geographical importance (though formerly the emphasis was on empire communications) and refusing to withdraw her 80,000 troops precipitately from the Zone in 1951, following Egypt's denunciation of the 1936 Anglo-Egyptian Treaty which then had still five years to run.

Anti-Western sentiment, in varying degrees, is equally common, however, to the other Middle Eastern nations, excepting Turkey where the immediate menace of the U.S.S.R. makes nonsense of "neutrality." Desirous always to avoid offending the visitor, the Arab tends to reserve a harangue against "French colonialism" in North Africa and "British scheming" in Egypt for American ears, while the European hears how much the United States is loathed for

men who inhabit a predominantly desert territory twice the size of the Indian continent. The cultivable area—less than 5 per cent of the whole—is subject to extreme pressure of population. Each square mile of the Nile Delta's fertile agricultural land supports more than 1,700 persons, and, despite a high infant mortality rate and endemic diseases, Egypt's population, now twenty-two million, is increasing at the alarming rate of 330,000 each year.

This crowding of the land has created agricultural "slum areas" in which the worst poverty prevails (latest statistics show that the yearly income of an average Egyptian peasant family is the equivalent of 173 dollars), intensified by the failure of food production to keep pace with the population increase. The urgently needed extension of agricultural acreage by desert reclamation de-

pends on the fuller utilization of the waters of the area's four rivers, the Nile, Tigris, Euphrates, and the Jordan, and calls for huge and costly new dams.

Economists say that, in addition to increased agricultural output, it is only by sound industrial development that the Arab peoples' living standard can be raised. Apart from oil and the high-quality cotton of Egypt, however, the Middle East is not especially rich in the necessary raw materials. And, of course, very large initial capital investment is required. The region is backward because it is poor but also it is poor because it is backward.

FOR forty years, the Arab world, aflame with nationalism, has striven toward political and economic self-deter-

All major development schemes postulate the necessity for regional planning and co-operation, cutting through national frontiers arbitrarily drawn across the face of the Middle East at the end of the First World War. Syria, Lebanon, and Jordan, for instance, are three economically and geographically unrealistic entities whose severe internal financial strains can be alleviated only by a measure of union. Established eight years ago as the intended instrument for general co-operation, the Arab League has shown how numerous are the differences arising from varying degrees of nationalism and the ambitions of different governments. Nevertheless, its regular meetings in Cairo have indicated at least an acute realization of the need for Arab unity.

their Tel Aviv branches or relinquish activity in the far larger Arab market.

Now, a plan has been approved for financing a "Collective Arab Defense Force"—a "defense" against Israel, not against the far greater threat in the North. Each of the League states will contribute 10 per cent of its annual military expenditure, and the oil-producing countries will pay, in addition, 10 per cent of their revenues from oil.

An authority on the Middle East has said: "The Arabs unite only to destroy." But, surely, now that it has become almost a habit, the co-operation achieved in measures against Israel can be continued in other spheres in the future.

If the upsurge toward national self-sufficiency is not incompatible with the interdependence of the Arab states, who share a common language, cultural heritage, and religion, it is still a real obstacle to wholehearted co-operation between these countries and Western nations who have come to regard complete self-sufficiency as an adolescent illusion. So the West must walk softly; Arab national susceptibilities are those of teenagers. Although the peoples have awakened to the benefits of the new way of life lying within their grasp, Communism is seeking to exploit their nascent energies by strengthening hostility toward both America and Britain.

One essential for the West is a properly integrated policy. Many Arab politicians believe they can serve their countries' interests by taking advantage of rivalry, especially government-backed big business competition, between Americans and British. They look cynically at Persia and say, "Watch the Yanks get a grip on Abadan." Egypt thought to secure American support for the outright liquidation of the Canal Zone base, and the statement by Mr. John Foster Dulles during his visit to Cairo last May ("... phased withdrawal of foreign troops—all to be arranged, however, so that the important base in the Canal area... should remain in good working order and be available for immediate use on behalf of the free world in the event of future hostilities") had the effect of an icy douche on Egyptian hopes.

Economic development to alleviate poverty and discontent, stable democratic governments maintaining regional economic and military co-operation, and willing acceptance of partnership responsibilities in the free world's mutual defense system. That's what the West is aiming at in the Middle East. There's still a long way to go.



Egypt's Naguib: Can he channel Arab nationalism in right direction?

mination. "Colonialism" has been repulsed, but, too often, governmental reaction to pressure from below has taken the form of grandiose development schemes which soon ended up in some dusty official pigeon-hole. Both leadership and administrative competence have been lacking; only now is the enlightened middle-class minority thrusting forward to take power from the feudal-type landowners.

The West, its technical resources backed by monetary aid, is anxious to help the new rulers accelerate economic development so that healthy social changes may follow. In turn, these changes, it is hoped, will produce the stable governments, enjoying popular confidence, through which the Arab countries collectively will no longer be a stamping ground for clashing ideologies and a dangerous power vacuum.

Inevitably, however, the League's activities have become monopolized by manifestations of the member states' bitter enmity toward Israel, itself an economic impracticality. It is almost impossible for anyone living outside the Middle East to appreciate the depth of the Arab governments' fear and hatred of the little Jewish state. A peaceful settlement between these two Semitic peoples, bridging the psychological gulf and providing for the rehabilitation of almost 900,000 Arab refugees, is fundamental; without it, no sustained concentration will be applied to tackling economic and social issues.

While the League's constructive functions have been bedeviled by this problem, it has produced an example of collective action in its economic boycott of Israel. International business concerns have been compelled to close

ALAN McGREGOR, a Scot who has divided the last ten years between his own country and the Near East, is Cairo correspondent of Kempsly Newspapers, a large British newspaper group.



Fibber McGee and Molly with Doc Gamble (Arthur Brian). The Jordans are not only smart showpeople but are as clever in finance as they are in comedy

Arthur Godfrey. Whatever results the LaRosa incident may produce, the redhead will still have his millions

LET'S give this Arthur Godfrey-Julius LaRosa "thing" one more whirl, wrap it up, and hope it stays wrapped.

It probably wouldn't be wise to depend on it, though, since several hurts have been deep ones and, I'm sorry to say, won't be forgotten in a hurry.

Even so, let's try and wrap it up, just as though we really could.

Godfrey made a bad mistake, that's for sure, not in firing LaRosa or anybody else, which is his right, but in the manner in which it was done. He realized it was a mistake at once and realized that it jeopardized his more than \$17,000,000 in annual billings for CBS on radio and television.

Godfrey's mistake in firing the singer on the air was compounded by the fact that the latter is a mere boy, making the contest one between an obvious man and an obvious boy and, measured by all time-honored American traditions, the man just didn't have a chance.

The man's sad plight stemmed not from any worth on the part of his adversary but from the fact that he had no adversary worthy of the name. The

more the man talked about the situation, the deeper he went into the enmeshing morass of it, the more he became involved in his own intrigue and the worse his case looked.

LaRosa Could Lose

For LaRosa's part, even granting that he told the whole truth as he saw it, I don't understand how his firing could have been such a surprise to him and, if it really were, it certainly was no surprise to others, except in the manner in which it was handled.

LaRosa could wind up the real loser in this strange game of "Humility, Humility, Who's Got the Humility?", too. Even if the extreme should happen and Godfrey is driven off the air, which is very unlikely (although he may take an extended vacation), the redhead still has his millions. LaRosa, on the other hand, is purely an accident and shouldn't be deceived into thinking he's as good as recent publicity might indicate. Actually, the boy has very little talent as he now stands and needs much more

Radio and Television

by JOHN LESTER



grooming under the tutelage of some show-wise person.

His reported \$10,000 a week in night clubs surely won't continue very long, surely no longer than his publicity (by the way, have you seen any lately?), and then will come the gradual return to normalcy, which can be tough to take.

LaRosa might even wind up as "that kid who got into that trouble with Arthur Godfrey. What's his name again?"

Such things have happened to bigger and smarter and more experienced performers.

The only thing any of us can be sure of, however, is that Arthur Godfrey will always remember this as the season in which footballs take funny bounces.

The Gone Telethon

Overshadowed by the Godfrey-LaRosa fracas was a far more important story to show business and show people, the recent official ban of the network telethon by show business unions.

Clarabel of the "Howdy Doody Show" (Bob Nicholson) maintains that no instrument has the color, range, and penetrating warmth of the voice of a healthy 7-year-old

The ban reads that the network telethon, an invention of Milton Berle, as I recall, is a thing of the past except in a few very special instances, and that the local telethon must have the sanction of the various unions involved.

Some of the reasons for the ban as listed officially (The American Federation of Television and Radio Actors was one group involved) are quite interesting.

First, it was considered that the telethon was both abused and overdone, which is quite true.

Second, not only has the novelty of telethons been drained off but the income from them has dropped steadily in the past two years. Further, the expenses involved in staging most telethons have come out of the "take," which hasn't been generally known before. A recent West Coast telethon, for example, took in \$28,376 and paid out \$21,970 in expenses, which doesn't exactly make sense.

It was also felt that the telethon constitutes a direct competition to other amusement media, such as night clubs, theaters, and, especially, other TV programs, and, granting that each cause has been a worthy one, the dreadfully undignified "pitches" and "pleas" for money on most of them practically nullified all worth in the eyes and mind of the viewer.

Recommended

As in any radio season, some shows are good and some aren't, but one of the best of the good ones this season is called *Stroke Of Fate*, which is heard

Sundays from 9 to 9:25 P.M., E.S.T., on NBC, and is based on the premise that the fate of a nation, or of the world, has often hung on an accident or on a decision that would have completely altered the course of events had it been made the other way.

Mort Lewis, the show's writer, got the idea for *Stroke Of Fate* while doing research for a script on Benedict Arnold. He later wrote a TV drama in which Arnold was the hero, showing how Arnold might have scaled the heights to become recognized as the great military mind he really was had he not become disgruntled and disgusted with the treatment he got from the Colonies.

Lewis demonstrated how a stroke of fate actually changed Arnold from a potential hero into an actual villain and a traitor.

Subsequently, Lewis' first *Stroke Of Fate* show on NBC radio dealt with another military man, Robert E. Lee, and undertook to show what would have happened had Lee accepted President Lincoln's offer to command the Union Army rather than pledge allegiance to his native state of Virginia and ultimately lead the Confederates.

Other dramatizations in the series have shown what might have happened had one of Essex's plots against Queen Elizabeth succeeded; if Congress had not ratified the Louisiana Purchase; if Montcalm had won at Quebec and Canada had gone to the French; if Hitler had been killed in that Munich beer hall; if Washington had been killed by one of the four bullets that pierced his clothes on July 9, 1775, during Braddock's de-

feat, and if Columbus had not discovered America.

Quizzer Un-Quizzed

Just to show you that broadcasting isn't all strife and seriousness these days, I'll let you in on a personal survey of quizmasters recently completed.

All agreed—eighteen of the top boys in the business, to be exact—that putting a contestant on the air involves considerable risk and that a quizmaster never really knows what to expect when he sticks out his chin with what seems like a fairly simple question.

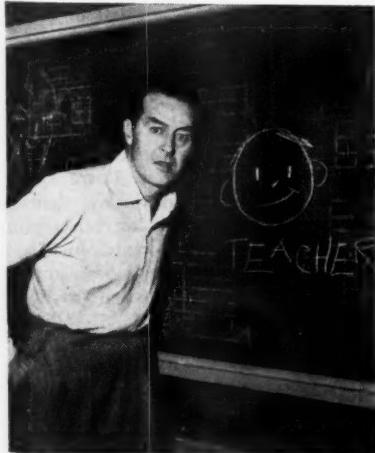
In any average month, any average quizmaster gets any number of answers to simple questions that deserve to be classified as unusual or downright funny.

FOR example, one young lady, when asked to name a labor-saving device, replied very seriously: "a husband with money."

Another contestant defined the word "illegal" as meaning a sick bird (eagle).

A third on the same show but on a different day guessed that "cauterize" meant flirtation.

Bob Kennedy, of Dumont's *Sense And Nonsense* series, tells of a little, old man, somewhat prone to apoplexy, who insisted that a home freezer was his apartment house janitor and nobody could talk him out of it. In fact, he was ready to fight, before being dragged out of range of mike and camera, to prove the fellow was the one and only, the original "home freezer."



PROFESSOR, YOUR GRADES!—
Despite Ray Milland's talents, his "Meet Mr. McNulty" series has failed to catch on and may not last through present cycle



LOVELY LORETTA—Loretta Young now stars in filmed TV series, "Letter to Loretta." Miss Young will forego future movie work in favor of TV



RARE ONE—Rare indeed is this picture of Jack Benny and Bing Crosby, rehearsing for Bing's Jan. 3 show, first in the crooner's own TV series

Equally as startling, no doubt, was the disclosure on another show—no names, please—that “flora” and “fauna” were the names of the original Siamese Twins, and that alma mater was the name of a famous opera singer of long ago.

A CONTESTANT on a well-known giveaway show recently volunteered that marriage of one man to one woman is termed “monotony,” and the quizmaster later told me he’s not sure to this day whether the answer was given in straight-faced jest or in a bitter, futile thrust at life.

Additional misinformation from time to time has revealed that a geyser is slang for “hick”; that conservation means table talk; that a flying buttress is a lady butler on an airplane; that an agnostic is a plant from which bitters are made; that the Merchant of Venice was a famous Italian who bought and sold canal boats; that plenipotentiary (and this is worthy of Jimmy Durante) is a place where foreign prisoners are kept, and that a fjord is a Swedish automobile.

You think this isn’t a Barnum and Bailey world?

In Brief

The story of Cardinal Mindszenty, of Hungary, will be produced for television under the title of *Guilty Of Treason*, starring Paul Kelly, Charles Bickford, and Bonita Granville. . . . John Charles Thomas and Erin O’Brien-Moore have a teleseries in mind. . . . Sen. Joe McCarthy’s bride is getting all kinds of television offers but is turning them all down with the refreshing reply that one celebrity in the family is aplenty. . . . The New York Stock Exchange is shopping for a television show it can sponsor. . . . Ed Wynn’s new show, *A Fool And His Money*, is so good the long-time “Perfect Fool” may be on the verge of a brand new career as a result, and him sixty-seven years old. This is the show based on Rube Goldberg’s inventions. . . . Just for the record: When Martha Raye signs off with “good night, Sisters,” she means the ladies of the Order of St. Francis in Miami’s St. Francis Hospital, who recently nursed her back to life again. . . . Claudette Colbert finally signed to do her first TV series, on which filming will begin immediately. As yet unnamed, it will present Miss Colbert as the sophisticated mother of a teen-aged daughter. . . . Title of John Cameron Swayze’s new book is *All You Need Is One Tough Break*.

A girl-Tarzan will soon be swinging through the TV channels and *Sheena, Queen Of The Jungle* will be her name, the same as the comic book character.

. . . There are more than 400 television magazines now on the market coast-to-coast but they can’t all last, that’s for sure. There were only about 200 around a year ago. . . . A sports show counterpart of Ralph Edwards’ *This Is Your Life* is due on the channels soon. It’ll be called *It Happened In Sports*. . . . Everett Crosby, Bing’s business manager-brother, and his songstress wife, Florence George, may do a “Mr. and Mrs.” radio series from their Pennsylvania farm. . . . Fibber McGee and Molly now have a total of five oil wells (all in Illinois), producing a total of 1,000 barrels a day. . . . One of the big

for attendees! . . . Songstress Teresa Brewer, who’ll make more than \$100,000 again this year, could make three times as much except that she doesn’t particularly care for show business. . . . The White House now has seven TV aerials, and as many TV sets. . . . Last year the 134 items bearing his name earned about \$22,000,000 for Roy Rogers Enterprises. This year the total is expected to hit the \$30,000,000 mark! Don’t you wish you were a podner, podner? . . . Bob Hope is worth an estimated \$4,000,000. . . . Says Joan Davis regarding the signing of her daughter, Beverly Wills, to play her sister in the *I Married Joan* series: “I always told Beverly I’d get her a sister some day but neither of us ever imagined it would turn out to be me.”

Official word is the *Superman* series won’t market costumes for youngsters, as have *Hopalong Cassidy* and some of the other TV stars of the small fry set, lest they actually try to fly out of a window, which has happened in the past. Apparently, the sprouts think they become “super,” too, once they don the suits. . . . CBS offered MGM a barrel of pure gold for rights to a two-part radio adaptation of the greatest film of all time, *Gone With The Wind*. Nothing doing. . . . Television is now operating in 28 foreign countries, in case you wondered. . . . Love Red Skelton’s diet methods. To curb midnight raids on the refrigerator, for example, he’s installed a siren on the thing. Honest! . . . Researchers say the average television set uses about \$3.50 worth of electricity a year. . . . Bishop Sheen and Jackie Gleason are huddling over a big Easter show on CBS-TV. . . . Sid Caesar is a sick man. . . . Lee Tracy is working on another private eye TV series with one of the former writers of the *Martin Kane* show. . . .



WILLIAMS & CO.—Billy Williams and his boys, “The Billy Williams Quartet,” are back on “Your Show of Shows” by popular demand

current attractions on Hollywood radio is a disc jockey who plays recordings of hymns Sunday mornings for several hours and talks between-times on inspirational subjects. . . . Neighbor of ours has a little girl who woke up in the middle of the night during a recent thunder and lightning storm. Said the tot: “What in the world is daddy doing to the television set, now?” Cute? I think so.

Whittaker Chambers’ health has improved enough for him to consider playing himself in a fictional radio drama dealing with Communist intrigue. It’ll be a weekly, half-hour series, if and when. . . . Want to make a fortune? Just show the radio webs how to get audiences into their studios for “live” programs. Even *Lux Radio Theatre*, which used to have ticket-holder riots, now barely fills its studio, and *Amos ‘n’ Andy* frequently make broadcast pleas

NOTRE Dame’s bid to operate its own commercial TV station may be stymied by an old Indiana law.

Fulton Lewis, Jr., now on 525 Mutual radio outlets, will be on TV with his *Washington Newsletter* this season, but on film. . . . Peter Lorre and cartoonist Charles Addams have their heads together over a super-horror series for TV. . . . Joan Crawford finally signed to do TV on a regular basis and will play a woman correspondent roaming foreign lands for stories. . . . Hats off to one of the best programming ideas I’ve heard about in months. Called *You Can Do It, Too*, it’s being quietly prepared on the West Coast with money furnished by a producer who won’t allow his name to be mentioned. It will be an inspirational-type program designed to demonstrate to the physically handicapped that no problem is so big it can’t be overcome.



St. Leonhard Festival

In the Bavarian Alps,
the feast of the legendary
St. Leonhard, patron of
domestic animals, is a time
for prayer and rejoicing

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EMANUEL FUCHS

WHEN the sixth of November comes around each year in the town of *Bad Tölz* in the Bavarian Alps, villagers dust off their gayest costumes, hitch up their horses to festive wagons, and get out their best in food and drink. The feast of their favorite saint, Leonhard of Limousin, has arrived.

The reasons for their devotion to this particular saint, even though very little is known about his life, are not hard to discover. Saint Leonhard is the protector of their farm animals. In one town in Bavaria alone, Inchenhofen, there are records of over 4,000 favors granted through his intercession. Oddly enough, the saint is also the patron of women in confinement. Living at the time of Clovis, King of the Franks, St. Leonhard is reputed to have obtained through his prayers a safe delivery for the Queen in her confinement.

In *Bad Tölz*, peasants and villagers from surrounding farms and villages gather for a giant procession leading to a chapel dedicated to the saint atop a hill overlooking the town. In front of the chapel, a local priest blesses the animals and vehicles that pass by. The festival is enlivened by good food and drink and by gaily festooned wagons and costumes of the people. By nightfall, all is quiet again—until next year.

The pastor of *Bad Tölz*
adjusts his cope after mount-
ing his steed to lead
the procession to chapel



Graphic House

A SIGN PICTURE STORY

ST LEONHARD FESTIVAL
A SIGN PICTURE STORY



Peasants and burgers from surrounding farms and villages don their holiday best when coming to Bad Tölz for saint's festival



▲ Bavarian women ride in gaily decorated wagon up the main street of Bad Tölz past colorful streamers on buildings

◀ Even horses and wagons have accidents. Driver crawls beneath wagon to fix something that has broken, before going on his way



Seminarians from diocesan seminary ready their mounts to take places in the long procession to chapel on hill



Elderly couple in crowd bow their heads as Eucharist passes

In the
me



Even courtships seem to blossom well under watchful eyes of Saint Leonhard



Priest blesses animals and farm vehicles with precious relic as they are driven past St. Leonhard Chapel



In the town itself, St. Leonhard's festival is as much a day for meeting and chatting with old friends as it is for processions



Little girl places flowers at shrine of the Crucifixion near the chapel



After wearying day, priests' wagon trundles back to town while they use the time to read their breviaries



Sniffing flower, this child shows off her finery

The Sign's
PEOPLE
of the month



Photos by Sam Shere
Leaving NCWC Building in Washington, Miss Krause passes the well-known statue of Christ, "the Light of the World"

Miss Krause confers with Rev. Frederick McGuire and Dr. Harold Hinton in preparation of report on Asia.



● "I LIKE people and I like ideas," is the way Norma Krause, Committee Secretary for the Catholic Association for International Peace, expresses her love of her job. "My work gives me a chance to bring them together in a way that is effective for the good of society."

As International Secretary for the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference and consultant to other NCWC organizations, Miss Krause helps to work for that "healthy spiritual climate" without which a "true peace can never be achieved." As CAIP secretary, she works out policy statements with committees of Catholic experts in international affairs on such subjects as economic aid to underdeveloped countries, the crime of Soviet forced labor, restriction of the UN veto power, the Bricker resolution, Korean Prisoners of War, and world population problems. Organizing CAIP conferences, publicizing the CAIP, and publishing pamphlets and reports are other facets of her work.

Expressing her "credo" for the modern Catholic layman, she stresses that "the fact that we are Catholics is no excuse for ignorance or incompetence. Truth is strong and needs strong vessels. We must be receptive—to grace and truth—and articulate—strong, and clear. We won't affect society unless we have affection for it—and respect for it."

THE SIGN

• JOHN QUINCY ADAMS is a tall, lean businessman with an unusual zeal for the application of Catholic social principles in the American marketplace. The president of three cold storage companies, Adams has been working for several years to make a practical application of the Industry Council plan in New York's giant food industry. Plant Councils, in which employer gets together with employees to work out their common problems in an atmosphere of friendliness, are already functioning in his plants.

As Adams sees it, these practical answers to labor-management problems are merely the natural consequences of a wider interest lately in the social encyclicals of the Popes. He points out: "The vital problem of the world and society today is the correlation of the interests of the worker and employer in a Christian ordered society, which is the best answer ultimately to the challenge of Communism and Statism."

In addition to making his ideals live in his own plants, Adams has been a moving spirit behind similar efforts in business associations in his field. He is founder of the Catholic Institute of the Food Industry, a group which parallels in some respects the Catholic Institute of the Press, and founder of the Coordinating Committee of the Food Industry, which is making an industry-wide approach to improving labor-management relations. As a director and past president of the Marketmen's Association of the Port of New York, which was founded by his father, Adams also contributed to a clean-up of labor racketeering in New York's market districts. For his work, Adams was recognized in 1949 by the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists, who awarded him their first annual *Quadragesimo Anno* Medal.

A native of Montclair, New Jersey, the 49-year-old businessman and Notre Dame alumnus, lives there with his wife, Kathryn, and two children. Active in such worthwhile groups as Serra International, the Laymen's Movement for a Christian World, and the Gregory Club of New Jersey, Adams frequently urges in his lectures that "Catholic laypeople should fortify themselves with a knowledge of current problems and of the appropriate Christian social principles applicable to their solution."

Adams (left) discusses plant problem "on location" with some of his able assistants.



Photos by Don Coleman
John Q. Adams, a Catholic businessman in spirit as well as in name, is an outstanding business proponent of the Industry Council Movement.



A ROAR came from a nearby room. It was a deep roar of anguish, a sound that might come from a beached whale. It made the Filipino butler nervous. Out in the kitchen, he had been cutting a roast beef sandwich in half. When he heard the roar, he cut it seven more ways. When he brought it into the living room, it looked like chopped bread or minced ham. He sat it in front of Jack Philbin, a tall, slender, second-generation Irishman from Boston. Mr. Philbin is a television producer. He kept looking at the dark doorway to the next room. As he looked, an apparition appeared. It was 5 feet 11½ inches tall and it wore a pair of peach shorts. It had hair on its chest, a round, good-natured Gaelic face, and anguish in its eyes.

"Call the doctor," said the apparition. "I did," Philbin said. "He's very busy, Jack, but he'll be over here to see you in a half hour."

The apparition looked dejected. "This pain is terrible," it said. It rubbed its fat stomach.

"He'll be here," Philbin said. "Take it easy, Jack. Hang on a little longer."

The apparition was Jackie Gleason, the funniest man in the world to 40,000,000 Americans who tune in his weekly one-hour show every Saturday night at 8 p.m., Eastern Standard Time. Jackie Gleason, in turn, is many characters unto himself. He is Reggie Van Gleason, a rich playboy in a king-sized topper who drinks a concoction called Instant Booze and who insults ladies by bellowing: "Bo-o-y, you're fat!" He is also a loud-mouthed know-it-all named Charlie Bratton, and a friendly bartender named Joe, and a mute Chaplinesque boob called The Poor Soul, and he is also Ralph, an irritated bus driver who curls his fist under his wife's nose and screams: "One of these days, Alice—powl—right in the kisser!" He is so everlastingly funny that the children of the nation have borrowed Jackie's standard lines: "Don't steam me, Alice!" "Mmmmm-boy! You're a dan-dan-dandy!" "Hey you kids! Get off the roof!"

Jackie Gleason is not John. John is Jackie, offstage—a rich man who worries, who is sensitive, who is unfailingly courteous to hack drivers as well as tycoons. John Gleason is the man who roared in pain at 11 a.m. on a recent Saturday morning. His big coast-to-coast show was nine hours away when Philbin, his executive producer, placed the hurry-up call for the doctor.

In time, the doctor arrived. He looked a little like Phil Silvers, if Silvers owned a black bag. The doctor always wears a slightly harassed look on Saturday mornings because it is then that one of his

The Funniest Man in the World

**"And now-w-w, ladies and gentlemen,"—TV viewers
brace themselves. Now anything might happen—
it's sure to be zany; it's sure to be Gleason**

by JAMES ALONZO

patients, Mr. John Gleason, gets a bad bellyache. He knows that there is nothing wrong with John's stomach. Gleason has been in Doctor's Hospital so often in the past few years (since he has been able to afford the pain) that he has compiled a better attendance record than some of the internes.

The doctor went into the big dark room. The roars subsided. After awhile, he came out. He sat in the two-story dining room and pulled the scrabbled sandwich toward him.

"How is he, Doc?" said Philbin. "How many times did you call me?" the doctor said.

Philbin held up three fingers. "He'll be all right," the doctor growled.

"He'll be able to make the show?" "He'll be able to make the show." "Anything wrong with him?"

The doctor looked at him. He went on eating his sandwich. A door opened and Bullets Durgom walked in. Bullets is really Mr. George Durgom, a second-generation Syrian and a newlywed. Mr. Durgom is Jackie Gleason's manager. He is short and bald and round and, when he smiles, he looks like a cracked Easter egg. Durgom is nuts about Jackie Gleason and thinks that, as a comic, he is a genius, but he worries about Mr. John Gleason.

"How is he?" "He'll make it." Mr. Durgom walked over to the limed-oak bar. He began to open the morning mail. He told the Filipino butler to get him a cup of coffee. He hummed a little and, when the butler saw the smiling faces, he knew that there would be no more roars from the nearby room. The morning crisis was over.

In a half hour, John Gleason emerged from the other room. This time he

didn't look like an ad for a cut-rate funeral. He wasn't quite jaunty either. No matter what the doctors say, to him that pain is real and it is terrifying. When they tap their noodles and tell him that it is a psychosomatic pain, John Gleason doesn't argue.

"Okay," he says. "It's imaginary. To me it's real. Now how do I get rid of it?"

They haven't been able to answer that one.

When he came out, he wore a black silk shirt, black slacks, black shoes. On the sleeve of the shirt, a little white embroidery read: "Mmmm, boy!" Mr. Gleason is Irish-handsome. His hair is blue-black and parted in Brooklyn bartender style. His eyes are a little smaller than Dresden soup plates. He is medium short and his weight caroms rapidly between 185 and 245. Therein lies the pain.

GLEASON eats as though the Soviet Army was in Yonkers. He can wolf a mound of spaghetti, a platter of Chinese food, a roast with rich gravy, and a dessert that looks like a bas relief of the Canadian Rockies. If there are any clams around he'll knock them off while waiting.

John Gleason doesn't drink often because, when he does, he is prone to end up prone. And he has learned that scotch on the rocks can be warming and friendly at night and sudden death in the morning.

His spare time avocation is books. Long after midnight he reads in his bedroom. Now that he is a success, Gleason is hungry to learn. He never got beyond grade school in Brooklyn and he misses the little extra shine he thinks he sees on other men.

Jackie was the only surviving child when his father left the house one morn-

The Poor Soul



"And awa-a-ay we go!"



Fenwick Babbitt



Reginald van Gleason III



Jackie (Himself) Gleason



Joe the Bartender



Ralph, the Bus Driver

ing and never returned. His mother took a job in a subway change booth, and, although the other kids slid under the turnstiles for a free ride, Jackie always dropped his nickel in the slot. He didn't want to offend his mother. She kept him in clothes and groceries and love until he was sixteen. Then she died.

He is a practicing Catholic and, some time ago, when a petition of his was answered, he showed his gratitude by attending Mass every morning for two years. No matter how late the show closed, he got to Mass. And, once a year, he disappeared on a one-week retreat. One of the friends he reveres is

Bishop Fulton J. Sheen and, when their television commitments keep them apart for any length of time, Gleason phones to find out "What's new?"

At 3 P.M. Jackie Gleason was backstage at the CBS Theater on Broadway for the final rehearsal of the show. If he had pain, it didn't show. At the curb an old man grabbed his hand.

"This fellow is wise enough to play the fool; And to do that well craves a kind of wit; He must observe their mood on whom he jests"

"Jackie boy!" he yelled, as though this made it old home week. "I knew ya when ya didn't have a dime!"

Such knowledge doesn't require a long memory. Only five years ago, Gleason was broke and out of work. When he got a job, he had to do two shows a night seven nights a week for \$500. But he seldom worked. His act was weak and,

to many, quite unfunny. He was at his best trading unrehearsed barbs with other comics.

It took a combination of two disparate facts to give Jackie what is called the big break. One was that Jack Philbin and George Durgom found Gleason and decided that Jackie needed two managers. They got the jobs. The other was that Willie Howard, a veteran comic of great talent, was in Philadelphia breaking in a new show when death caught up with him. Arthur Lesser, the producer, needed a lead comic in a hurry and he remembered having seen Gleason in Jack White's Club 18. He hired Jackie and gave him three days in which to memorize the leading role in *Along Fifth Avenue*. Fortunately, Gleason has a memory like a mimeograph machine and, in seventy-two hours, he was ready to go on.

THE show wasn't great, but it made Gleason. It lasted long enough in Manhattan—six months—for Broadway to admit that Jackie was a much funnier man than it had thought.

After that, Irving Brecker, originator of *The Life of Riley*, hired Gleason to play the title lead in that television series. The show won an "Emmy," and, after a season, Gleason left it to work in a film called *The Desert Hawk*. He wasn't happy in Hollywood.

He returned to New York and his agents, Music Corporation of America, got him a television job as the lead in *Cavalcade of Stars*. The booking was for four weeks, but Jackie did so well that he was held over for an entire season. The rest is history. CBS took a look at *Cavalcade of Stars* and offered

Jackie his own hour-long show if he would come over to their network.

In his mid-thirties, Jackie Gleason arrived. He became not only the star of the show, but the boss of it as well. The talent and technical help runs to about \$55,000 a week and the "air time" on eighty-nine television stations comes to the same figure. So \$110,000 is spent every time that Jack Lescoule, an old friend from the "dead broke" days, intones: "And now w-w, ladies and gentlemen, the Jackie Gleason show!"

On those occasions, nobody knows what Gleason is going to do or say when he steps on stage. Only Gleason knows, and, sick or well, the result is always the same: millions of people from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, roar with laughter.

The only real relief he gets through the sixty-minute show comes from the June Taylor Dancers, a group of pretty girls whose precision syncopation is regarded as the best there is in show business. They do two lengthy numbers while Gleason is backstage changing costumes and catching his breath. Other than that, help comes to Gleason from Audrey Meadows and from Art Carney, a character comic who plays Jackie's father in the Reggie Van Gleason skits; his timid, beanery friend, Clem Finch; Ed Norton, the upstairs neighbor in the Honeymooners; and the boss in any skit where Jackie finds a job. Carney, who is thirty-five and Catholic, has been offered a show of his own, but he likes Gleason so much that he refuses offers of advancement.

Gleason also makes records for Capitol as a composer and as a band leader, a talent which no one—even Jackie—

knew that he possessed. When he composes, he tinkles a tune with a brace of fingers on a piano, and his arranger, Pete King, sits with knitted brow and listens.

King, a burly man with white kinky hair, then tries to copy it on the piano. Gleason's music is saccharinely sentimental. It kisses and cries in two-four time with twenty-one violins and only two horns. His song "Melancholy Serenade" sold over a million records and so did his album, called "Music for Lovers Only." Another is aptly titled: "Music to Make you Misty."

Throughout the final rehearsal before showtime, Jackie sits on a tall green stool in the orchestra pit with his chin hanging over the footlights. Behind him, costumed girls who are not rehearsing sit in opera-length net stockings chatting or knitting booties.

Gleason has two good producers, Jack Philbin and Jack Hurdle, and a crackerjack director, Frank Saternstein. But, even though they work all week whipping the show together, when the maestro arrives on Saturday afternoon, everybody knows that there'll be some changes made. No one is ever in doubt about who is boss of the Jackie Gleason Show.

At 4 P.M. he gets up onstage, crosses to the right side, and sits in a busted armchair while Ray Block runs the orchestra through its paces. He listens as 146 big bare lights stare down. June Taylor, blonde and spectacled, comes over to suggest a few changes in the dances. He listens and nods. The changes are okayed. A few supporting actors get into costume and stand before Gleason for approval. It comes with a smile.

A cast of twenty rehearses a movie balcony scene in which Gleason will play the part of the poor soul who pantomimes his way through the process of trying to find two seats together and who loses his girl to a stranger in the process. A stand-in plays the part of Jackie.

AT 5:30, he listens to a run-through of the commercials. Lescoule tells the merits of a Schick 20 and Gleason shakes his head.

"I think it needs more urgency," he says.

"You want it louder?" says Lescoule.

"Not necessarily," says Gleason, "but it needs more of something."

Whatever it needs more of, it gets. At 6:15 P.M.—105 minutes before show time—Jackie Gleason calls it quits and goes upstairs to his private dressing room to pace the floor and hold his stomach.

By 9 P.M. the best brains on Broadway will be admitting that he has done it again and is, beyond argument, the funniest man in the world.



Gleason and Audrey Meadows as the Honeymooners



Happy New Life

EACH year about this time I stand on a high-point in the road that separates the old from the new, the past from the future—one just over my shoulder, the other stretched out before me.

The view is interesting, fascinating, and profitable in more ways than one.

The past is gone forever, of course, and nothing can be done about it, except that it can be studied as a guide to the future, and this I yearly try to do.

I try to study the nature and circumstances of past mistakes, in order that similar ones may be avoided in the future, and carefully examine past defeats, in order that these may be transformed into victory in the months ahead, because I sincerely believe a victory is hidden in every defeat just as an equivalent opportunity is concealed in every failure.

In this sense, the past is not gone forever but can be summoned at any time and can even be a continuing source of inspiration, guidance, and power.

Also, the good one has been able to do, the graces one has been able to accumulate, all of these gather momentum out of the past to influence the present and shape the future.

At least, this is what I have found to be so.

If it's impossible to alter what has already happened, however, it's equally impossible to foretell what is to be, from my vantage point or any other, except in a very few directions.

It is possible to say, for instance, that the world will definitely not go to the dogs during the year 1954 or any other year, for that matter.

The dire predictions one sometimes hears that it might or will are so much folderol.

There have always been atom bombs of one kind or another, and a check of history proves that each generation since the beginning has been on the tip-toe of expectancy.

Each has been vain enough to consider itself important enough to be the last, but each has survived its comets, its scourges, and its false prophets, all of which we now look upon as minor.

It's ironic and somehow also sad to note today in the cool, clear light of retrospect that most aren't even minor but are exceedingly minor.

In its turn, I have no doubt but that some future generation will wonder why we have wasted time with negative concerns, when the fact is the world is good and is getting better all the time.

The unlimited graces stemming from Christ's suffering and death sustain it, and no evil devised by mere man, how ever horrible or destructive, can prevail against them.

This, to me, is a good, wholesome, and consoling thing to remember.

And although the graces of Christ are more than sufficient, there are also the superabundant graces of the ever-lengthening honor roll of the saints to form another formidable bulwark against the world's undoing through evil. Neither can these be overcome, not ever.

This I believe. This I know.

Naturally, their very existence doesn't automatically eliminate evil or the enemy, and rarely has the future loomed so forbidding in this respect.

But I draw further assurance, as I'm sure does every positive-thinking person, from the fact that we should be thankful, indeed, for a strong enemy, an enemy who sorely tries us in spirit and sinew and metal. It might be said, in fact, that such an enemy is necessary, since great victories can be won only over tremendous obstacles and powerful adversaries. And it is equally true that a strong and wily foe is to the Christian's spirit what the air pressure around it is to his body, without which he would fall to the ground in a shapeless, gelatinous mass.

Opposites press in on one another and assume form and dignity through honorable and natural resistance, and only resistance can develop muscles, whether in the body or in the soul.

This I believe, too. This I know.

If these things are understood in their proper light and relationship to each other, the new year—like the others ahead of it—will assume a healthy challenge, a salubrious excitement and interest.

Fear of the future, or of anything, has no place in this scheme of things, since it also has been truly said that there is nothing to fear but fear itself.

Fear of death should certainly not be present in the Christian's mind and heart, since he has long understood that the passing of each hour of the day is a little death in itself, that to sleep each night is to die a little, and that to take leave of one's friends and family is to die a little more.

In these and similar small ways he has prepared himself through life for his last moments, until he gradually looks upon death not as dying but as going to Christ, and what could be more wonderful? To fear it would be illogical. This has been his one aim, his goal through life.

The fear of old age that the approaching new years sometimes bring should not be tolerated, either, and will not be when it is understood that this fear is merely the foreshadowing of the fear of death. This fear can be eliminated through the realization that the advancing years carry with them the maturity we all seek and are a blessing rather than a handicap—a blessing that brings self-control and self-discipline unknown and frequently not possible to youth, a blessing that includes greater, deeper, and wider wisdom in many things and a fuller appreciation of the world around us and the people in it.

ARRIVAL at this level is usually a gradual process, an arrival for which the Christian prepares himself in many small ways and through many small sacrifices over the years.

The key that makes it all so terribly easy is found in positive-thinking, forward-looking, and open-mindedness, daily, constantly, as a way of life and not as something apart from life.

This isn't the head-into-the-wind, face-the-brave-new-world-with-a-joyous-whoop philosophy, either, but the philosophy that carries with it a quiet confidence, a secure calm, a calm that is the last lesson of culture.

Happy New Life!



Wide World
Bobo had his own way of expressing his feelings at joining the Dodgers

WITH this issue, Walter "Red" Smith, outstanding sports columnist for the *New York Herald-Tribune*, succeeds Don Dunphy as a contributing editor of **THE SIGN**. Mr. Smith has been a daily newspaperman since 1927.—*The editors*

HISTORY books of the future, if they are of any account at all, will include the winter of 1953-54 among such significant dates as 1066, 1492, and 1776. This is the winter of Mr. Louis Norman Buck Bobo Newsom's retirement from baseball, an event whose historical importance places it somewhere between the Fall of Rome and the Battle of Gettysburg, say just below the Humbling of LaRosa.

Mr. Newsom's decision to withdraw from the ranks of major-league pitchers could not be described with complete accuracy as hasty or impulsive. It was not reached until he had completed his twenty-sixth season of professional baseball and served twenty-eight separate hitches with twenty different ball clubs.

Still, Bobo must have his doubts even now, must be wondering whether he hasn't been just a mite precipitant. After all, seven of the sixteen major league clubs have not yet enjoyed the benefits of his services. Is it fair to them to quit so soon? Shouldn't he at

least wait around and get the new Baltimore Orioles started before rushing headlong into retirement?

One can imagine him turning the problem over and over under the tall white chef's cap that he wears at his winter occupation of flipping flapjacks in the window of an Orlando, Fla., beanery. That is, one can if one's imagination doesn't boggle at the spectacle.

According to the record books, which are only slightly more reliable than Bobo himself, Mr. Newsom will be forty-seven next August. We think of a man like Stan Musial as a weathered veteran. He was a Prattling seven-year-old, playing on a slag heap in Donora, Pa., when Bobo became a professional. More than three years would pass and

Bobo would pitch for eight different teams before Mickey Mantle's birth.

In the years since, Mr. Newsom has been retired by a half-dozen or more employers, and by some of them four or five different times, but it never took. It is, frankly, difficult to believe that this time it's real.

Apparently it is, though, and there is no denying that it will leave a large oval gap in the middle of the American sporting scene. Not in many years will baseball know another character more richly colorful than blubbery Bobo, of the rubber arm, the rubber lip, and the Dresden China bones.

That excellent record book, the *Baseball Register*, reports that Mr. Newsom's hobbies are "imitating radio stars and hunting." This is incomplete. He has also made a hobby of breaking arms, legs, and skulls—his own arms, legs, and skull.

He began this in a modest way back in the dark ages before he had played with more than seven teams in six leagues. The Cubs had fished him out of Hot Springs, Ark., and he was driving from his ancestral estates in Hartsville, S. C., to Chicago to explain the game to Manager Rogers Hornsby, dictate a few stories to the newspapermen and, incidentally, sign himself a contract.

As he drove, he rehearsed what he would tell Hornsby: "Now listen, Bobo. You pitch old Bobo in the opening game, and after we have won that one, we . . ." At this point his car fell off a mountain.

Some hours later he was scraped up and delivered to a hospital, where he was restrung like a necklace and returned to his Hartsville manse. While still on crutches, he dropped in on a livestock fair in Columbia, S. C. A mule broke loose and ran away. Naturally, it ran over Bobo, reducing him to fragments once more.

When he was able to move again, Bobo shrugged and went back to pitching. He went a great many places but

by **RED SMITH**



most often to Washington where he came to be a landmark that tourists occasionally confused with the Capitol, due to a similarity in construction.

One year, Clark Griffith decided the Senators had a chance for the pennant and this set him into such a wild tizzy that he actually spent money to buy Newsom to help win it. With a great fanfare of trumpets and ruffle of drums, Bobo arrived and started a game against the Cleveland Indians.

In an early inning, Earl Averill slashed a line drive that struck Newsom on the knee and cut him down like a weed. On all fours, Bobo groped for the ball, found it and tossed to first base, retiring the side.

He went on pitching, hobbling back to the bench each inning to massage the knee and moan, "I think it's broke." His playmates scoffed. A big slob like him couldn't stand on a broken leg, let alone pitch. He finished the game and lost, 2 to 1.

That night, leaning on a cane, he limped from his suite in the Wardman Park Hotel. "I'm going over to the hospital," he said, "and have this thing X-rayed. I think it's broke." Turned out the kneecap was shattered.

THERE was another day in Washington when Oscar Bluege, playing third base for the Senators, rushed in to field a slowly hopping ground ball. When the third baseman has a play to first, it's up to the pitcher to get out of the way, but Bobo is a fan. He stood on the mound, admiring Bluege's dexterity. The third baseman scooped up the ball and threw.

There was a sound as of a pumpkin dropped from a great height. Struck behind the right ear, Bobo went down. His skull was fractured.

Then there was the time in Boston when some stout hitter—it could have been Wes Ferrell—rapped back a screamer that smote Bobo upon his widow's peak and caromed high into center field. This time Bobo didn't even fall. He went right on pitching.

"For two, three innings, though," he has confessed shamefacedly, not proud of his weakness, "I didn't know nothing."

He still wears a deep dent in his brow just below the receding hairline.

It goes without saying that Bobo has established his share of baseball records. They read like this: "Most years leading league in games lost; most bases on balls allowed, lifetime; most earned runs allowed, season," and so on. For all of that, he had some great years, notably in 1940 in Detroit when



United Press
Newsom during Spring training back when they called him a "rookie"

he won twenty-one games and lost five, leading the Tigers to the pennant and then winning twice in the World Series.

He did not make a point of letting this performance go unnoticed. Shortly after the series, he appeared in a Cadil-

lac built to his order. It had red, blue, green, and amber lights which the driver could change at will. The horn played, "Hold That Tiger." The car bore the name, "Buck Newsom," in neon script. In the rear was a refrigerator full of beer.

When he drove over the sand hills of Carolina, his neighbors thought their stills had exploded.

There is a deeply poetic streak in Bobo's nature which expresses itself on dramatic occasions, such as the season of 1942 when the Dodgers bought him from Washington as pennant insurance. He sent a telegram to Brooklyn in advance of his arrival: "Have no fear; Bobo is here." Brooklyn didn't win that year, nor the next year either, and before 1943 ended Newsom had quarreled with the manager, Leo Durocher, and departed.

No club could be big enough for both Bobo and Leo, as no television show can encompass both Julius and Arthur. This recalls a report in *Variety* regarding a cablegram received by a New Yorker from the préfet de police in Paris.

"What is this trouble of Monsieur Arthur Godfrey?" the message read. "Is it true your government may fall?"

Wait till they hear over there about Bobo retiring.



United Press

NEWSOM'S DEMISE . . .

... worse than the Humbling of LaRosa?





The SILENT PARTNER

Johnny wanted to sell his share of a shattered dream. But his partner had other ideas

JOHNNY BLAKE was waiting at the trail head with the mules when the jeep at last came in sight. It was an hour behind schedule and layered with mud. The morning's downpour had reduced the road to a quagmire.

Matthew Caldwell, a man of fifty who liked his comforts, stepped down with a groan and grimly accepted Johnny's outthrust hand. "Fiendish country!" he muttered. "Worst in the whole confounded Caribbean! How you stand it I'll never know."

Johnny was wet through and saddle sore but knew he had to keep his own weariness hidden. "You get used to the little discomforts, Mr. Caldwell," he said, grinning.

"Humph!"

They watched the driver turn his jeep around in a sea of red mud; then Johnny led the gray mule forward and helped Caldwell mount. It was the best mule on the plantation, but Caldwell was a big man, heavy with fat, and the trail was rugged. Johnny was worried.

"All set?"

"Lead on," Caldwell growled. "I can't feel any worse."

"Dear Lord," Johnny prayed, "put him in a good mood, just this once."

He hadn't much hope. For a week, anticipating Caldwell's visit, he had prayed for good weather but got rain; prayed that the cacao trees would look healthy and

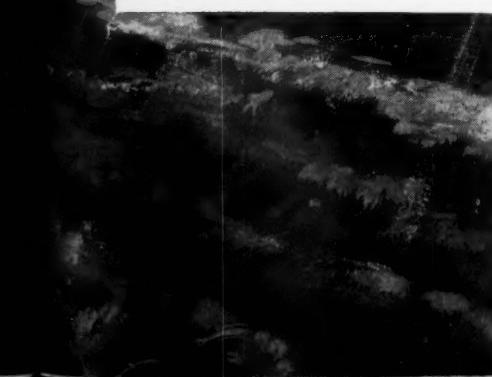
profitable, but they were half drowned. With everything depending on Caldwell's frame of mind, at best an unknown quantity, Johnny's luck had been abysmally bad.

The trail led through jungle, twilight-dark even at high noon, and Johnny watched the gray mule with a wary eye. Every now and then the animal stumbled under Caldwell's great weight. Johnny's heart climbed into his throat and stuck there.

He had no love for Matthew Caldwell. The fat man, retired now, had flown a desk in the Air Force when Johnny was a pilot in the Caribbean Defense Command. They had bought the plantation together a couple of years ago—a run-down cacao farm deep in the bush—and Johnny had been running it while Caldwell, with other irons in the fire, lived in luxury in the capital.

Once in a while Caldwell condescended to come down and look things over. Invariably his comment was, "I don't see how you stand it, you and Jacqueline. I'd go crazy, being buried alive in such a forsaken place."

Johnny hadn't gone crazy. On the contrary. He liked to mount his mule in the morning, after a good breakfast in the comfortable house he had built for himself and Jackie, and ride over the plantation trails. It warmed his heart to see how much he'd been able to accomplish—the land cleared again, the cacao trees heavy with pods. He liked to talk to the loyal native work-



By Hugh B. Cave

ILLUSTRATED BY DOM LUPO

The jeep was an hour behind schedule and layered with mud

ers in their thatch-roofed huts. He liked to feel the future in his hands.

But it had been a mistake, nevertheless. He knew that now. For an ex-pilot with a streak of rebellion in his soul, the jungle life was fine. For a girl, no. A woman needed other women to talk to. The mountains and the river, the jungle and the sight of things growing were not enough.

In the beginning Jackie had loved it. He would never forget how, when she saw the place for the first time, she caught his hand and simply stared at it, wordless, with her eyes full of the dream. She had always been a different sort of girl, crazy for far-away places.

THAT morning he had almost told her the truth—that his life savings were tied up in the place. Now he was glad he hadn't. She thought he worked for Caldwell on a salary basis. It was better that way.

Because, since her last trip to the capital a month ago, she had changed. She didn't talk much any more. The light was gone from her eyes. Riding back to the house of an evening, he would find her sitting with a book, pretending to read . . . or sometimes just sitting, staring into space.

Johnny knew. It was inevitable, of course; it was a thing he should have expected. Even Caldwell had predicted the end, months ago.

"You're out of your mind," Caldwell had said. "No girl can stand being shut away like that."

"She's a very special girl," Johnny had retorted proudly.

"Women are all alike. You'll learn."

Well, Johnny thought, I learned.

He didn't blame her, though. He would never stop loving her. And so today, for her sake, he had to find a way out. Somehow, despite the rotten turn of weather and the half-drowned appearance of the plantation, he had to convince Matthew Caldwell the place was worth an all-out gamble. Convinced of that, Caldwell would buy him out. He wouldn't get all his investment back, of course—not from such a shrewd operator—but there would be enough to make a fresh start elsewhere.

The thought of it lay like lead in Johnny's heart, but he had no choice. If he didn't let the plantation go he would lose his wife.

The rain was falling hard again, and Johnny heard Caldwell grumbling behind him. Riding a mule in such weather was pure torture when you were unused to it. But Johnny had more to think about. The trail had begun to wriggle downward through dense jungle to the stream at the plantation's edge. It was a bad spot.

This morning, finding the bridge washed out, he had left a gang of men at the stream with orders to lay logs across the swollen water. He listened now for the sound of their machetes and heard only silence. At the edge of the swift, dark flow he reined up, frowning. There were no logs. No men.

"We'll have to go upstream to cross," he said helplessly.

"Why the devil don't you build bridges?" Caldwell growled. "You're letting the place go to ruin!"

"We had a bridge here. The rains wiped it out."

"Some day the rains will wipe out the whole plantation," Caldwell snapped.

Johnny bit back a retort and grimly started upstream, doing his best to break trail and make it easy for the big man to follow. But only a bulldozer could have opened up that maze of aerial roots and undergrowth. Bent

before the veranda of the big house on the hillside.

Jackie, on the veranda, had seen them coming. "You look like zombies," she said—and it was not funny, the way she said it. "Come in and get dry."

"If you had any sense," Caldwell grumbled, "you'd give this place back to the Indians."

"Mr. Caldwell," Jackie replied, "don't put thoughts into my head."

Even at the house things had reached rock bottom. Before, Jackie had always put herself out to be nice to Caldwell, wearing her prettiest dress and gayest smile. The dress she wore today was a don't-care thing and her spirit matched it.

"There's something wrong with the turbine," she announced glumly, with a shrug. "We have no lights." To Caldwell she said, frowning, "I hope you don't mind roughing it."

Matthew Caldwell did not even bother to answer.

Supper was an ordeal, with the rain pounding the corrugated iron roof and the lamplight struggling in vain to hold back the gloomy shadows. Johnny, scarcely tasting what he ate, nevertheless realized it was not good food. For once in her life Celeste, their cook, had managed to make the guinea-hen tough and the vegetables inedible. It followed the pattern, he told himself bitterly.

He glanced at Caldwell, saw the big man scowling at his plate, and thought of the glib proposition he had intended to offer. "Mr. Caldwell, Jackie and I have built this place up. It's out of the red and showing a profit. From now on there's money to be made here—big money. But we're tired of it. We want something new. Mr. Caldwell. I'm willing to sell out to you."

What a laugh!

Yet he had to say something, and it had to be said this evening. Caldwell never stayed more than a single night.

The serving girl brought coffee. Johnny jacked up his courage and leaned forward. "Mr. Caldwell, I've a proposition to make to you."

"Blake," Caldwell said coldly, "I've a proposition to make to you! I want out of this!"

JOHNNY saw determination on the fat man's dour face and lowered his gaze. He heard the pounding of the rain. From far off he heard the roar of the river which, though over its banks now, was the life-blood of the plantation. Then, strangely, he heard Jackie's voice saying quietly, "What do you mean, Mr. Caldwell?"

"You two may have faith in this forsaken place, but I haven't," Caldwell said flatly. "I'm selling out my interest—to you, if you want it; other-



The Poor Fish

► Two German fishermen were trying their luck on the opposite banks of the River Spree. The angler on the American Zone bank was pulling in fish after fish, but the man on the Russian Zone bank wasn't even getting a nibble.

Finally the latter yelled in irritation: "How do you manage to catch so many fish while I get none?"

"Very simple," called out the fisherman on the American side. "Over here the fish aren't afraid to open their mouths."

—Catholic Fireside

low over the mule's neck, he heard the man behind him swearing continually, and there was no longer any humor in the mutterings.

This does it, Johnny thought. This licks me. Under his despair lay bewilderment. Never before had the plantation hands let him down.

Once across the stream, he merely went through the motions of pointing out the improvements he had made on the place. They didn't show in the rain anyway, nor was Caldwell in any shape to look around after the savage mauling of the jungle. Johnny felt only relief when he dismounted at last

wise to anyone else crazy enough to buy it."

"Mr. Caldwell," Jackie said, "we don't have much money. Nothing like the amount you invested."

Caldwell looked at her shrewdly. "How much do you have?"

"We could raise half that amount, perhaps."

"It's a deal."

"A deal," Jackie said calmly, lifting her coffee cup.

Johnny Blake, on his feet and trembling, looked down at her for several seconds before he could make his tongue work. Hoarsely he said then, "Honey, are you crazy? Where in the world could we get that kind of money?"

"We've got it," she said, "in a savings account back home. My savings account." Her smile was a special thing that Johnny had almost forgotten. "I can keep a secret too, darling," she murmured.

Johnny never knew how he lived through the evening, waiting for it to end. With Caldwell he went through the formality of signing papers, the fat man grinning at the shrewd deal he had made. Jackie smiling in her quiet triumph. Johnny deliriously happy without quite knowing what had happened. It was midnight before Caldwell went to bed.

Johnny carried a lamp to the guest room for him and returned to find Jackie on the veranda. The rain had stopped. The washed sky shimmered with starlight. Down there in the dark, along the river, cacao trees were growing—strong, healthy trees to which a little overdose of rain meant nothing.

"I thought"—his arm went around Jackie's waist—"I thought you hated it here."

"I hated your doing all the work while that man paid you a salary," she said, close to him. "Then when I found out you owned half of it, I felt worse. Let him buy a dream of his own, Johnny. Let him work at it."

Johnny held her at arm's length and looked at her. "The bridge over the river," he said. "You—"

"Why, Johnny, I didn't do a thing—just told the men to overhaul the turbine. They couldn't do both jobs at once, could they? And you said yourself the turbine needed fixing."

"The food—"

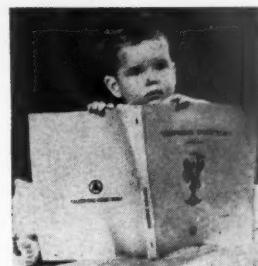
"I'm afraid I wasn't much help to Celeste. I must be out of practice."

Johnny finished looking at her and gathered her into his arms. "You didn't have to wear your oldest dress," he said, grinning.

"I've just finished a new one," she whispered. "Very special, darling—for tomorrow night, when we celebrate."

Our Most Popular Book

by FRANK REMINGTON



AFTER the collection of old telephone directories in a large eastern city, a frantic mother dialed the local operator.

"Can you locate my old phone book?" she inquired anxiously. "There's \$150 stuck between its pages. I've been saving it for the family vacation."

Fortunately, company employees located the missing money after a painstaking search.

Besides its primary purpose, the telephone book often serves as a repository for money, old letters, important papers, and a host of other items. It's also put to use in locating friends, addressing Christmas cards, and making up guest lists. Probably no other book, except the Bible, is so widely consulted or taken so much for granted. To accomplish the monumental task of issuing directories, the Bell System spends \$100,000,000 each year.

An examination of almost any big-city directory reveals some interesting, often amusing, sidelights. Sometimes the subscriber's name and number have a closely linked association, like Pittsburgh's "Atlantic 1776" for the Sons of the American Revolution. Last name in the Los Angeles telephone book is Zzyzz, Ricardo, pseudonym of a whimsical salesman who is happy to spend 25 cents a month for the additional listing. Elsewhere in the book he's listed under his true name. The Altoona, Pa., directory for 1951 contained the longest name ever included in a Bell System book—Wolfschlegelsteinhausenbergerhoff, Herbert B.

To make America's telephone directories requires staggering amounts of material each year. Paper used annually, for instance, would equal a belt of paper fifty feet wide and 75,000 miles long—enough to circle the globe three times at the Equator. In addition, one million pounds of glue for binding and two million pounds of ink for printing are used. The result is sixty million telephone books

containing fifty billion separate pages of information.

Many old telephone books are worn and torn, while others show only slight signs of wear. Locations such as military bases, public buildings, and department stores get new books once a week, or at various longer intervals, depending on the use they receive. Users of two public phone booths in New York's Times Square wear out directories at the rate of three to four a week.

Old telephone books are sometimes put to work in singular ways. Once a Central American banana firm requested several thousand worn-out copies of the thick Manhattan directory. The company used them to line the sides of several selected trucks. The added thickness made the vehicles completely bullet-proof and thus suitable for carrying sizable payrolls to remote districts.

Compilation of a large-city directory is a mammoth undertaking. Employees assigned to the project must be expert in detail work. That the latest directories issued by the Bell System rate a nationwide accuracy of 99.91 per cent speaks well for the exactitude of the compilers and proofreaders.

Growth of the telephone directory has been phenomenal. The first New York City book, issued in 1878, contained but 271 listings. Thirty-eight of the names in the original book, incidentally, still appear in the most recent directory.

Mrs. Katherine Young, of Long Beach, California, has a special reason for holding the telephone directory in high regard. Not so long ago, she was looking for the number of a friend when the book fell. As she picked it up, her glance caught sight of a name—Jacob H. Koch. It was the name of a son she had not heard of for thirty-nine years. A phone call brought about a happy reunion and the surprising disclosure that they had been living within fifteen miles of each other for years.



★ Above: Bing Crosby and Christian Fourcade in the outstanding and sensitive movie, "Little Boy Lost," chosen by The Sign as recipient of our 1953 Award

★ Right: "Julius Caesar," eloquent and artistic screen offering, shares in THE SIGN MOTION PICTURE AWARD FOR 1953. Louis Calhern enacts the title role

STAGE and SCREEN

by JERRY COTTER



The Movie Year

The year 1953 was one of upheaval, experiment, and debate in the motion picture industry. It was a year in which the ordinary troubles of the trade were compounded by the confusions of new processes, by public reaction to headlined scandals, and by the frontal assault made on the industry's Production Code with the release of *The Moon is Blue*.

It was a year in which the problem of censorship and the reasons for it were much in the public mind. The Charlie Chaplin issue underscored national impatience with those who have used position and fame to support subversion, and it further emphasized the fact that public toleration of flagrant immorality is at an end.

Hollywood, hard-hit by competition and uncertainty, was further distressed by the trend to overseas production. Dominated by the desire to unfreeze foreign capital, the studios have sent production units to England, Italy, Germany, France, and Latin America. Though this move has hurt Hollywood economically, it has resulted in artistic benefit and added box-office value. In fact, one such production, the French-made **LITTLE BOY LOST**, starring Bing Crosby, shares honors with California-created **JULIUS CAESAR** as the outstanding motion pictures of the year.

The Parisian and provincial backgrounds added not a little to the realism and success of the Crosby movie, even though its principal assets were a sincere, heart-warming study of a father's search for his lost child and the earnest conviction which Bing and young Christian Fourcade brought to their roles. Producers William Perlberg and George Seaton rate special mention here for keeping sentimentality within bounds and eschewing the artificialities which might have ruined the story.

The relationship between Shakespeare and the screen has rarely been as felicitous as in Joseph Mankiewicz's interpretation of *Julius Caesar*. The monumental tragedy is mounted in simple frame, allowing major emphasis to be placed on the Bard's words. In this instance, at least, that was wise. The group performance by James Mason, Marlon Brando, John Gielgud, Louis Calhern, and Edmond O'Brien, with brief appearances by Greer Garson and Deborah Kerr, is superb. The screen measures up to its maturity in this artistic triumph.

The record should not be closed without calling attention to the other first-rate achievements of 1953. *The Robe*, which brought CinemaScope to audience attention, is a stirring spectacle adapted from the Lloyd C. Douglas novel. Although based on the events before and after the Crucifixion, its spiritual impact is somewhat dwarfed by the physical features of the production. *Gilbert and Sullivan*, a British-made musical based on the careers of the great collaborators; *Shane*, a superb Western with a new approach to the formula; *Lili*, a delightfully different piece of fantasy; *Island in the Sky*, a thrilling rescue story with validity and integrity; *Call Me Madam*, a rousing musical satire which proved that Hollywood can improve on Broadway; and two excellent documentaries, *The Living Desert*, produced as one of the Walt Disney True-Life Adventures, and *The Sea Around Us*, which was based on Rachel Carson's best-seller, were all outstanding.

From Here to Eternity is being touted as the screen's greatest contribution in 1953. Those of us who feel that the motion picture has a duty to create a moral atmosphere rather than merely reflect despair and brutality are casting votes for the eloquent, artistic *Julius Caesar* and the sensitive *Little Boy Lost*, the dual recipients of THE SIGN MOTION PICTURE AWARD FOR 1953.

The New Plays

Josephine Hull is engaged in proving again that her special style of fumbling charm can triumph over mediocrity. In **THE SOLID GOLD CADILLAC**, she gets modest assistance from playwrights George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichman in creating a splendid spoof of Big Business. Mrs. Hull starts off as a querulous stockholder asking the \$64 question at a corporation meeting. To hush her, the board of directors creates a special job for the disarming, simple little lady. The authors describe their story, through the nasal recorded commentary of Fred Allen, as a fairy tale. Like all good legends it carries our heroine through a series of vicissitudes to a rosy-hued finish. She winds up as chairman of the board, riding around in a solid gold Cadillac driven by a solid gold chauffeur. Only Josephine Hull could make this hilariously believable. In one scene where she clears out the contents of her desk, the season's comedy high mark is reached. The jibes at big business and its current participation in government are more good-natured than vitriolic—or at least that is the way that Mrs. Hull and her excellent co-star, Loring Smith, make them appear.

Another great lady of the theater, Lillian Gish, scores a similar personal triumph in **THE TRIP TO BOUNTIFUL**, a rich, heart-warming drama by Horton Foote. Miss Gish has long been an actress of considerable appeal but has never exhibited the artistry or the poignance which she contributes to this characterization. The Foote play was first produced on TV, then adapted for Broadway, a reversal of the usual procedure. It is essentially a play of mood, for the author is concerned with the relationships of a mother, son, and daughter-in-law. The latter is a vicious shrew who dominates the group with a wicked tongue and temper. The harassed mother-in-law makes a last attempt to escape back to Bountiful, the town where she was born. Miss Gish is the mother, pathetic, touching, and endearing. It is a magnificent portrayal. Jo Van Fleet, Gene Lyons, Eve Marie Saint, and director Vincent Donehue share in the honors. They have transformed a rather ordinary script into a luminous and sensitive production.

Less successful in this respect are Mary Martin and Charles Boyer, who give superficial charm and little else to Norman Krasna's banal comedy, **KIND SIR**. Pre-sold on the basis of its star appeal, the entire six-months run of the play was sold out before it opened in New York. The critic of one metropolitan paper offered condolences to those who had been dazzled by the advance publicity and the Martin-Boyer combination. Krasna's script is dated, dull, and more than a little tawdry in handling moral issues. All the ability that the stars and supporting company are able to muster is inadequate in the face of the author's failure to deliver a substantial play.

F. Hugh Herbert, author of *The Moon is Blue* and *Kiss and Tell*, again probes the byways of young romance in **A GIRL CAN TELL**. In this episode he relates the story of a girl with a plenitude of beaus, unable to make up her mind. Told in flashbacks as the now-matronly miss relates it to her young daughter, the tale is humorless, tasteless, and trite. Though the audience is kept in the dark as to the identity of the "lucky" suitor, it couldn't matter less. Janet Blair and the young men in her wake are all trapped by the Herbert banality.

English mystery plays fall into two categories: intriguing or dismal. **GENTLY DOES IT**, a long-run Piccadilly success, is of the latter persuasion. It serves to emphasize again



Josephine Hull, shown with Henry Jones, makes "The Solid Gold Cadillac" a hilariously believable play



Lillian Gish also scores a personal acting triumph in the drama, "The Trip to Bountiful"



John Wayne and Geraldine Page in "Hondo," story of the Southwest in the days of Apache uprisings

the difference in taste between British and American audiences. It is the third London hit to meet a disastrous Broadway reception this season.

SABRINA FAIR is a frothy, engaging, and well-acted variation on the Cinderella idea. Sparks of wit and humor shine brightly through the artifices of the plot, and in the hands of Margaret Sullavan, Joseph Cotten, Cathleen Nesbitt, Russell Collins, and John Cromwell, the characters assume full dimension. Samuel Taylor's play deals with the romantic joustings of a young lady and the scion of the family for which her father has long been a devoted chauffeur. Social strata comedy may seem a mite old-fashioned these days, but this one skips along in droll manner, enlivened by pungent observations and the author's excellent literary style. It is pleasant playmaking.

Reviews in Brief

HONDO adds maturity and scope to the Western blueprint, joining *Shane* and *Stagecoach* as sagebrush classics. A story in which mood overshadows action, it revolves around the struggle between Apaches and the pioneer white settlers, with an Indian scout and an isolated ranch family in pivotal roles. Imaginative use of color and 3-D photography give added strength to the story, and the striking Mexican backgrounds provide countless visual thrills. John Wayne, Geraldine Page, and Ward Bond head a fine cast, and director John Farrow rates special mention for his deft guidance of an absorbing and attractive family adventure. (Warner Bros.)



Eleanor Parker and William Holden in "Fort Bravo," outdoor adventure film set in the Civil War era

ESCAPE FROM FORT BRAVO utilizes the magnificent natural backgrounds of Death Valley National Park for a ruggedly adventurous tale of Civil War vintage. William Holden heads a strong cast as an Army Captain guarding Confederate prisoners at an Arizona fort. Their escape and a subsequent Indian attack form the basis of a recognizable, but convincing, narrative. Acting and settings are the sturdiest attractions in this family-style drama, in which John Forsythe, Eleanor Parker, Polly Bergen, and William Demarest are also featured. (M-G-M)

CinemaScope, the widescreen process unveiled with *The Robe*, rides the pendulum in the opposite direction for

HOW TO MARRY A MILLIONAIRE, a gaudy comedy designed for the sparse acting abilities of Betty Grable, Marilyn Monroe, and Lauren Bacall. At several points in the recital, time-out is called for the insertion of some extraordinarily beautiful scenes of snow-capped mountains, New York City from the air, etc. It is in these episodes that the CinemaScope process proves valuable. It is more of a hindrance in projecting the indoor and the intimate. The story is concerned with the predatory antics of three models on the prowl for wealthy husbands so that they may enjoy caviar with their social security. Amusing in spots, though hardly epic enough to warrant the CinemaScope approach. (20th Century-Fox)

Rita Hayworth as **MISS SADIE THOMPSON** measures down to expectations. Somerset Maugham's soggy saga of tropical sin has become a major bore in the years since it first served as a vehicle for jaded screen sirens. This version is in 3-D, an added lure or additional liability, depending on your reaction to gadgetry in narration. Jose Ferrer's portrayal of the lecherous evangelist is on the lurid side. So indeed is this entire objectionable presentation. (Columbia)

PERSONAL AFFAIR unravels at a deliberate, but none the less tense, pace. It bears the unmistakable stamp of a British-made melodrama, which is all in its favor, and has the added assets of admirable portrayals by Leo Genn, Glynis Johns, Gene Tierney, and Pamela Brown. When a small-town English schoolgirl disappears, suspicion centers on the Latin teacher with whom she was adolescently infatuated. The damaging effect of gossip is thereafter graphically displayed. The atmosphere and supporting players lend credence to a generally absorbing adult mystery story. (United Artists)

Esther Williams and company have transported their aqua antics to Cypress Gardens, Florida, in **EASY TO LOVE**. The picture is full of visual thrills, though placid when the action is transferred to terra firma. It is all in the established Williams pattern, with Van Johnson, Tony Martin, and John Bromfield as the swains who wait while Esther floats lazily through flower-filled pools. Fine fun for those who accept 100 per cent visual and zero cerebral appeal. (M-G-M)

FOREVER FEMALE is a satire on the never-never world of the footlights and the puppets who whirl on its carousel. Its humor is biting and penetrating, the acting first-rate, and the plot is both valid and interesting. On the debit side is an irresponsible handling of marriage, an unfortunate inclusion in an otherwise agreeable comedy. Ginger Rogers, William Holden, Paul Douglas, James Gleason, and Pat Crowley comprise the unusually fine cast. (Paramount)

Alan Ladd journeyed to England for **PARATROOPER**, a cinema salute to the airborne troops in World War II. Though this is a routine story of service heroism, there are a number of genuinely exciting scenes from the North African invasion jumps and some effective glimpses of parachute training programs. Ladd is quite convincing as a Yankee recruit, while Leo Genn is more than adequate as a shrewd commanding officer. For the family. (Columbia)

Martin and Lewis add 3-D to their retinue in **MONEY FROM HOME**, a typically zany charade with a racetrack setting. Damon Runyon might have some difficulty in recognizing his story, but admirers of the frantic pair will enjoy it nevertheless. (Paramount)

The Assumption

by GERALD VANN, O.P.



WHY should the doctrine of Our Lady's Assumption, which has been accepted and celebrated all these centuries, be defined by the Church only recently? There is one answer which suggests itself and which we can with profit consider.

It is part of the Church's redemptive work to exorcize and sanctify material things and consecrate them to the worship of God and the healing of man. For things can be either beneficent or maleficent, as the sea is now cruel, treacherous, angry, destructive; now gentle, pacific, a joy-bringer. There is Satanic evil in the world, to make things inimical to man; but man, for his part, through the power of goodness, is meant to drive out the evil, as when a man domesticates a wild animal and, above all, as when the Church turns water, salt, wine, oil, to the bringing of divine life into the world.

But man, instead of healing the material world, can pour his own evil into it. And today, perhaps more than ever before, matter is being used precisely to degrade humanity. Torture and drugs are being used to destroy not only men's bodies but their personalities; you think of the appalling horror of the concentration camps; of the way the beauty of the earth is turned into ugliness: the slums and tenements, the commercialisms, the use of the arts of man to drag down the spirit. And all this on such a scale that it would be easy to despair of the future, easy to see humanity as rushing headlong like the Gadarene swine to destruction.

It is just at this moment that the Church affirms the dignity of matter, the glory of human flesh and blood; just at this moment that it affirms the bodily glorifying of Mary as though to encourage us anew—for in her glory (she not divine like her Son but purely human) matter is sanctified, human flesh is sanctified, and her glory is to be the guarantee of ours. It is as though the Church were in effect saying, This degradation is not in fact final; the gates of hell shall not prevail. And so

the evil will be conquered, the ugliness will pass away, the earth will be renewed.

But what, in practical terms, does this mean for us? It means, first of all, that we have to fight against anything in our own lives that would degrade us through a destructive use of matter, of material things. Everything that lures senses away from spirit, that makes us sensual, torpid, sluggish, greedy, gross; everything that drags us down to earthiness when we should be climbing up to God; everything that makes us destructive—anger, avarice, lust—when we should be creative: all these things have to be fought if the promise of the Assumption is to be fulfilled in us.

But we should be thus concerned with ourselves only as part of something much greater—the battle for the redemption of matter as a whole in cooperation with the redemptive power and purposes of God.

Wherever in the world there is ugliness, squalor, degradation, cruelty, there is need of the power of the Spirit, mediated through men, to heal and renew. The abolition of ugliness might seem to be a purely esthetic preoccupation; it is not. A human personality will not easily grow to its proper sta-

ture in an environment of ugliness and squalor.

The attempt to restore to man the dignity of labor by restoring labor itself—from the idea of a money-gaining "job" to that of a creative vocation—is of theological importance.

And it is of theological importance that we should learn again how to wonder at things and, therefore, reverence them; and if you fight against the degrading of language (the jargon of the bureaucrat, the vulgarity of a type of journalism), of painting (the sordid advertisements, the commercialized sex), of music, of building, of politics, of conversation, of social manners and customs, you are fighting for the dignity of human flesh and blood and therefore answering the challenge of the Church's definition.

THE same is obviously still more true, and the task still more urgent, when you come to the great issues: social justice; the abolition of penury and want; education and culture; sex and marriage; political regimentation.

And, finally, the same is true when you come to those personal ideals for which Christianity stands but which are nowadays so often treated with contempt: the qualities which restore something of the original harmony between flesh and spirit: moderation, self-control, purity, gentleness, graciousness, candor, that cleanliness of heart to which is promised the vision of God.

The Church's definition is an affirmation of the dignity of human nature in its wholeness, of human love and passion, of material beauty. It affirms for us again the fact that all the works of God's hands are sacraments, singing to us of His glory, beckoning us to His presence. It calls to us to insure, so far as we are able, that the works of man's hands, too, and all his use of material things and his own flesh shall similarly praise God through beauty and dignity and so help man himself to become, what he ought essentially to be, a "being of praise."

GRACE AGAINST DARK

by SISTER M. PHILIP, C.S.C.

*Hark!
Here is grace against dark:
One word alone
In look, or sigh, or moan—
One word for her most dear
To pause and hear—
Maria!*

*Let it be told
Against dark, against cold.
And if no sound will come
Because the heart is numb,
Reach out from where you stand,
And touch her hand.
Maria!*



Living had been like climbing a mountain with only the mountaintop in view.

Now pride had reached its goal, and there was emptiness in the victory

by ROBERT CORMIER

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY KIDDER

HE was an old man who had lived one hundred years and he sat now in the ancient chair near the window as dusk crept through the room. Outside, the wind rose, and a branch of the old oak tree scratched like a withered finger on the windowpane. His hands were folded on his lap, resting on the patchwork quilt which covered his bony knees. The new button-down red sweater, one of the gifts he had received at the celebration (he could not

remember now who gave it to him but it did not matter) hung loosely from his paper-thin shoulders.

They had all gone away; the house was quiet. Everyone—the old friends, the children, the grandchildren, and, yes, the great grandchildren—had left, murmuring, "We mustn't tire him, we mustn't tire Pere Renault. It's been a long day for him, a big day . . ." Of course, they did not realize that he did not get tired anymore. Sleepy, yes. In fact, he had dozed off once during the celebration. But not tired.

A chill suddenly filled the room and the old man pulled the sweater closer

around his frail body. He was about to call for Marie, who, he knew, would appear at his side as swiftly as a bird. But he wanted to be alone for a while, to taste the sweetness of his triumph, to let the events of the day sweep his mind, warm his body.

Later, Marie, the good granddaughter who tended him in his old age, would bring his cup of soup, his crackers. When his hand shook as he lifted the spoon, she would reach out with her own big, calloused hand and steady his. And perhaps tonight, after the church bells sounded vespers and Marie had gone off to church, he might smoke the old corn-

He wanted to be alone for awhile, to taste the sweetness of his triumph

cob even though Doc Pelletier had said that someday the pipe would kill him. But no matter. This was one day, one day out of one hundred years, a day to remember.

He chuckled to himself as he looked out at the street, still and silent in the later winter twilight. His chuckle was toothless and when his lips parted in a half-smile, the long cheeks sagged. The chuckle, however, was a sound of victory.

One hundred years, he whispered to himself, one hundred years. The oldest man in town. The only man in Monument who had lived a whole century. One hundred years . . . and he realized suddenly that there were tears in his eyes. Of late, he had noticed that his eyes overflowed with water and the tears ran down his sunken cheeks for no reason at all. Maybe you are too old, he told himself. Now you cry about nothing, for no reason, like a child.

THERE should be no tears today of all days. He had shown them a man could live twice fifty years and at the end of it all, he could sit proudly, his family surrounding him, receiving his friends, even the city officials.

He stirred suddenly at a fugitive noise in the room. He glanced around but the room, half hidden in the late after-

he had told the man. "How many men live that long? Wait until I'm a hundred and you'll have your story." So they had waited, and today the fellow came with the black notebook and the camera and the bulb that flashed in his face.

In a sense, though, the interview had been a disappointment. The reporter had tossed questions at him much as he would throw a stick at a dog to be returned quickly. True, the reporter spoke loud enough, almost too loud at times, and that was a relief. But it had not gone well. Sometimes, the old man had had to pause a moment to answer the questions, and between the pause and the reflection he would become lost in thought, thinking of the old days, the days that were clearer than yesterday or last week. And Marie would have to tug at his sleeve, reminding him that the reporter waited.

"So you remember when Abe Lincoln died?" the reporter had asked. He was a young man, a mustache on his upper lip, and he kept glancing at his watch.

"Yes, yes, I remember that, I remember . . ." the old man had answered in fluent English. He had left Canada so long ago that, although his thoughts still arranged themselves in French, he spoke English without a trace of accent. All that remained of his father's tongue was a slight musical lilt that colored his words.

"Yes, I remember the piazzas uptown

at them, and he could have answered them all if he had put his mind to it. "And what of the blizzard of '88? Did the snow really pile up to the second floor windows?"

"Yes, yes," the old man had nodded. He had been about to tell how his fifth son, Joseph, had been born in the bedroom upstairs while the storm raged outside, the snow and the wind. But he thought of Therese in the bed, and how her face was as white as the snow and how her eyes had opened suddenly and her arms had pulled him down. She had had a hard time with the baby, Doc Pelletier had said. (Good old Doc, his son had the practice now and even the son was an old man today). And Therese had smiled at him and the color rose in her face, and she had whispered, "You are my strength, Edmund . . ."

You see, he wanted to say to the reporter, you are young in your strength but I was young also and loved. But he had only closed his eyes, shaking his head until the reporter coughed.

THE interview had really failed when the reporter asked him: "Have you any advice to give to people about how they can expect to live a hundred years?" From the reporter's eager attitude, he could tell that this was the important question.

The old man had thought for a long while. How does a man live a hundred years? He himself had read the stories in the newspapers, before his eyes went bad, how all the old people had wise advice for the young ones. The old people had said things like "Don't Smoke," "Don't Drink," "Get Plenty of Exercise."

But what could he say? He had smoked and drunk his share of *whiskey blanc*, especially at the holidays. And his exercise had been fifty-three years of work at the comb shop on Mechanic street, the smell of celluloid in his nostrils, in his pores. As he sat there in the room, the reporter leaning forward, he could still smell the celluloid and it brought a flood of memories, memories of the shop and the men he had worked with and how much it hurt that time to retire.

Finally, Marie had prodded him and the old man had brought himself back to the present with an effort. "I don't know," he had said. He wanted to say:

I was always the skinny one, sick, ran behind the rest, never kept up. Only Therese had faith. But I outlived them all, the huskies. I showed them. The time I broke my leg and got the gripe, both at the same time, and they thought I would die. But I showed them . . .

But all he said was: "I don't know. I just lived every day . . ." And the reporter had suggested answers, putting the words in his mouth. Because it did

the Mountain

noon shadows, was silent. At this age, he heard sounds sometimes that were not there, and, sometimes, he did not hear the sounds that were. It wasn't that he was deaf. He had always been proud of his hearing, but lately, just lately, he had been a mite hard of hearing. People mumbled their words so much these days, didn't speak up. One reason he had talked such a long time with the reporter from the newspaper was because the boy spoke up, talked normal, didn't mutter, so that he could hear him plain as day.

First time in his life he had been interviewed. Once, it might have been his ninetieth birthday, the newspaper had sent a man to talk to him. But it had not been one of his good days and he had turned the fellow away.

"Wait until I'm a hundred years old,"

there, in the square, all draped in black . . ." But he remembered more than that. He remembered that the day they buried Lincoln was the day that he and Alphonse Lizotte (Al died back in '04, inflammation of the bowels), he and Al had gone fishing at Moosock Brook in the spring sunshine, and he had met Agnes there, sunning herself on the bank. And he had loved Agnes for many years, more years than he could remember. Even though she had died and he had married Therese. (You see, memories like that kept interfering, things he had not thought of for years and years, when he was about to answer the questions. And he could not tell the reporter about Agnes or things like that).

So the reporter had tossed him the questions and the old man had nibbled

not matter, the old man had agreed, nodding.

His spirits had sagged as the reporter went out the door. So much had been left unsaid. He should have told him, he should have said, he should have . . . but there was no time for thinking them for the children arrived. And the grandchildren and the great grandchildren. And the friends. And good Father LaFrance.

Even the mayor had stopped in and shaken his hand and given him a scroll of some kind.

SOMEBODY sang the old songs and they took out the Edison phonograph and played the records. He remembered, too, a cake, and the one big, pink candle. The faces of the people were all misty, for his eyes kept filling with water, and once there he had thought that he saw Pierre Rheault across the room, Pierre, the old friend he used to visit Canada with every summer in his young days. He had been about to call to him when suddenly he remembered that Pierre had died a few years ago. He had been the last old friend alive. And he too was dead.

One little girl had been brought before him, then, pulling him back from his memories of Pierre, a little girl with blond hair and more curls on her head than there are leaves on a spruce tree. "Say happy birthday, Pere", a woman had urged the little girl. And the girl had approached him shyly and, at the last moment, she had cried and the mother took her away.

He had fallen asleep during the celebration, lulled by the old music coming out of the music box and the memories. When he woke up, the people were leaving, on tiptoe, whispering and murmuring. He was glad to see them go, in a way. He wanted to sit alone awhile, in the living room, looking out at the street that was as familiar to him as the old slippers he wore.

He sat now in the room and the house was still. He knew that Marie bustled somewhere, probably dressing to go to church. She went to church every night and he always told her, "Pray for me," and drew comfort from the thought of her praying. Marie might have been a Nun once, but she stayed to take care of her old grandpere.

The wind rose again and he glanced at the street through the window. And suddenly sadness drenched him like a winter rain. He shook his ancient head and rubbed a shaking hand along the tough, dried leather that was his cheek. One hundred years. Why should a man live so long? His grandchildren told him that it was wonderful that he should have lived to see television, the atomic age, motion pictures in color.

But what was that to him, really? Television was only a bright blur in a box and the brightness pulled at his eyes, sometimes making him sick to his stomach. And colored motion pictures . . . he had not been to the picture theater for maybe twenty years. And the atom bomb. It did not mean much to him, it was something beyond his grasp, his comprehension.

His thoughts sought the past, the people and places he had known, and Therese, the kind, the gentle who had borne his children and lived by his side for over fifty years. Tears filled his eyes again when he realized that he could not even summon up any emotion now thinking of Therese.

Darkness now spread like a soft blanket in the street and the wind rolled a newspaper along the sidewalk. The glow from the street light caught some children as they ran along the sidewalk; he could not tell whether they were boys or girls. The children ran into the yard just below his window. And suddenly,

What a mother should save for a rainy day is patience.—*Pipe Dreams*

as clear as the churchbell, he heard a childish voice singing:

"The bear went over the mountain,
The bear went over the mountain,
The bear went over the mountain,
And what do you think he saw?"

The high-pitched voice, so clear a moment before, faded suddenly as the children ran back onto the sidewalk and somewhere out of sight. The old man bent forward and his mouth opened as if he were about to call out, "Tell me what the bear saw, tell me . . ."

Then, from somewhere inside him, came the answer, an echo from the past: "The other side of the mountain . . ."

"The other side of the mountain . . ."

And that was his life, he thought. You climbed a mountain all your life, up the steep cliffs, along the trails. Sometimes the going was fine and sometimes hard. And as you went you left people behind or they left you behind . . . some you loved and some meant nothing. And then you reached the top of the mountain on your hundredth birthday (could a man ask to live longer) and once on top, what did you see? The other side of the mountain.

The sadness returned again, a stinging, empty sadness. You are a foolish old man, he told himself, foolish and stubborn in your pride. You wanted to live a century and you have and now what have you?

Suddenly, the church bells rang and Marie entered the room. She carried

his soup in her large, capable hands and set it down beside him on the table. "It's been a big day, Pere," she said, smiling.

He could only shake his head. "What's the matter, Pere? Tired?"

"No, no," he answered. He let his chin fall on his chest. "I'm a foolish old man, Marie. I've been sitting here thinking how foolish I am. So I'm a hundred years old. And what of it?" It took him a long time to get out the words.

"I wanted to be old like this, a hundred years, and now I am. And what is there to look for now? What is there to look forward to?"

Marie looked at him with compassion. He could see it in her eyes. She said only one word, but the word echoed in his mind like a bell distantly rung and floating through dark corridors. "God," she said.

He did not answer for a moment and then he said, "I can't eat tonight, Marie. Besides, it is late and you'll miss church. Go along . . ."

She left, after some maternal cluckings, and as she went out the door the old man said, "You don't have to pray for me tonight, Marie. I shall pray for myself . . ."

When she had gone, he looked toward the street again. His eyes were clear and dry. No tears now. One word could change it. One word. God.

So, old man, he scolded himself, these last years you have been so selfish in your desires, your longing to reach a hundred years, that you thought only about yourself and living. You had no time for thoughts about dying—and God. You did not realize that death, which you could feel standing in the shadows, was not an enemy. You forgot about God and heaven.

MARIE had left the house and he saw her walking along the street on her way to church. She turned suddenly and waved to him, the way she always did. He waved back, even though she could not see him in the dimness of the room.

A strange contentment coursed through his body, warming his blood. He leaned back in the chair. He wondered what heaven would be like, if he went to heaven. He thought for a moment about purgatory and hell, and his lips moved in silent prayer.

"You have lived a hundred years," he said to himself as he prayed, and there was still pride there. But it took you a hundred years to find . . . He groped for the word and suddenly he found it and he closed his eyes.

The wind rose again outside and the dead branch of the old oak tree scratched against the windowpane. But the old man did not hear it.

Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

Beauty or Brains?

AT A NEW YORK CITY meeting, attended by several hundred deans of womens' colleges and college placement office heads, one of the talks bore the title, "How to Market the Woman Liberal Arts Graduate." The speaker was the advertising director of a well-known department store and her remarks were, to put it mildly, startling, so startling in fact that next day she was constrained to tell the papers that one paragraph in her speech had been omitted and that it made a lot of difference in what she meant.

There was some difference; she explained that a part of her remarks were limited to the advertising field where brains count, but her earlier statements covered nearly the whole secretarial field and she evidently contradicted none of these assertions. Some were a bit unusual too: "pre-occupation with pulchritude on the part of the employer may not be noble or high-minded," she said, according to the *World Telegram*, "but it is a fact. It's sex. You can't fight it."

She added to that: "Top industrial giants are not looking for a secretary with shorthand speed or dependability or industry." She advised her listeners not to be silly. What such employers were looking for was this: "First and foremost he's looking for a looker." She suggested that college placement offices think up slogans to put over their more exciting "products." I should like to have seen the faces of the deans when she suggested "Here's Holyoke's Hottest" and "Smith Girls are Girlier Girls."

With such good advertising, their graduates could get "lush posh" secretarial jobs, and she urged her listeners to stop sending graduates into "fusty dusty publishing houses and musty museums." This is apparently done to our prettiest girls, and it is due to our Puritanical background, to the idea that if the work was hard and dull or didn't pay much it was good for you, that "the littler it paid the more respectable it must be. There is nothing immoral about getting into the big money." The real need, she thinks, is to put the good-looking graduates into "a well-paid creative job so that when she marries and retires to Bucks County she can hang two Rouaults on her living room wall."

Evidently reaction to her talk was swift, perhaps from the girls who work in unpleasant publishing houses or who, in the mirror, see something less than Marilyn Monroe looking at them. Next day's clarifying statement of the speaker said one paragraph had not been quoted. If a young woman had ability to put her fresh observations on paper, she would be hired by the firm even if she had a face "like an ostrich and clumped around the office like a water buffalo."

Beauty and Brains

I AM BEGINNING to feel I have a special mission in the world—defending young women. Reactions to my defense of young mothers, overburdened yet gay while carting around three or four children, have been comforting. Letters from them have expressed gratitude that someone thought they were doing a good job. And now

here is the young business woman also indirectly maligned.

I don't think the statements are true. I do think that most employers prefer a nice-looking girl, but I think most of them are nice looking. When one walks at nine in the morning or five in the evening on Madison Avenue or Fifth Avenue in New York—and surely it is true of other cities small and large—it is a joy to watch these young women, well groomed, hair attractively arranged, wearing clothes that make it difficult to tell the daughter of the rich from the daughter of labor. To most of us they look much alike and the girls are a delight to the eye.

I know several publishing houses and they are far from fusty or musty, nor have I encountered in them a face like an ostrich or heard any clumping like a water buffalo, unless he makes a sound like tapping high heels.

Years ago there was a charming book, *Emmy Lou: Her Book and Her Heart*. Emmy Lou was a pretty little girl, curly-haired and blue-eyed. Her best friend, Hattie, had straight hair and sharp brown eyes and, early in life, evolved her motto: "If you aren't pretty, you've got to be smart," an observation akin to those already quoted. My hunch is different. I think you can easily be both pretty and smart. I think that for the big executive you have got to be smart. I think the prettiest fumbler in the world would not last too long in an industrial giant's office.

But Brains Before Beauty

THE SPEAKER SAID that today a liberal arts degree is like a birth certificate: everyone has one. How about the thousands of girls who go from high school to business school and then to a job? I know some who have risen high in business without that degree.

The startling thing in the talk was that about the intelligent, attractive secretary who marries well and retires to Bucks County (today synonymous with Art and Better Living) and whose living room has *two* Rouaults. Why this special artist? The ex-secretary might easily settle for a couple of Matisse or Degas—but Rouault! His vivid canvases are filled with a hatred of injustice and human suffering; he paints a Christ of infinite pain, scenes of injustice caused by war, the sad faces of clowns who must make people laugh while in their own hearts is misery. His paintings are strange parables of the selfishness of the world.

After all the beautifying, all the happy days of no shorthand, the end is a home in Bucks County and two Rouaults. You have here the makings of a novel or at least a short story by a Hemingway or a Waugh—the result of these grim paintings staring at the successful, beautiful ex-secretary and of the ex-secretary staring at the paintings.

I do not mean to be funny or sarcastic, but I think this sort of patter should not be used when it might make girls feel inferior because they are not among the ten most beautiful. I feel our young women in secretarial jobs are an attractive lot. And for those who have a degree from college or business school and are in the business world today, I say forget such remarks, keep on making yourself attractive—and keep your shorthand brushed up as well as your hair.

The Children Clap Their Hands

I PICKED up the phone. It was Ned Butler calling from the local bus station. Ned, a Canadian Catholic writer, was in New York City for a few days and had decided to take a bus out to meet the family for the first time.

I drove to the station about two and a half miles away, picked up Ned, and then stopped by the school to pick up mine and the neighbors' youngsters. Ned was greeted by each child in turn, casually by the boys, shyly by the girls. He had misgivings as to whether the small coupe would hold them, but I assured him that their capacity for compression had to be seen to be believed. Eventually all eight were accounted for—the oldest eleven and the youngest six.

As we drove home, the children began to sing in accordance with their regular daily practice. Ned and I were busy talking as they went from one to the other of their customary repertoire. Suddenly Ned stopped in the middle of a sentence. He listened attentively and asked, "Where did they learn that one?"

They had been singing a number of school-kid songs and a few old-timers like "Red River Valley," but now they were singing *O Sanctissima*. None of them faltered in the Latin but all joined in with a great deal of gusto. I stopped for gas. The attendant waved to the car full of kids. They waved back but kept on singing until the last *No-o-o-bis*.

Ned was surprised to hear a group of youngsters spontaneously burst into hymn singing in the midst of rowdy school songs, especially surprised at the universal enjoyment of the song even by the first-graders.

I explained to Ned that this uninhibited religious fervor was the result of a program we parents had encouraged among the children in the past few years. In our little neighborhood composed at the moment of three families (including twenty-three children), we encourage a good deal of celebration and singing to coincide with the passing of each feast day in the Church's year. I had long since concluded that Catholicism contributes to a full life for a complete human being. Catholic life is an area where every talent can operate to the full.

The one aspect of the Faith most likely to be overlooked in this brooding, inhibited, grimly Protestant land of ours is the life of the emotions. This anemia affects our children most.

Children are by nature carefree. They refuse (thank God) to treat as serious

Children are delighted by the utter compatibility of laughter, clapping hands, and the dramatic developments of the liturgical year. Here, a father of ten children tells why and how to celebrate important Church feast days with your children

by ED WILLOCK

all the petty things that keep modern adults in a chronic state of nerves. They resent, in their simple way, the fact that we parents tend to tie up religion always with the more grim aspects of adult life. Too often religion becomes identified in their minds as an obstacle in the pursuit of the pleasurable.

The life of the emotions feeds upon the beautiful, the startling, the dramatic, the moving. The Church has always catered to this need, indeed has delighted in the fact that free Christians in every land have surrounded religious ritual and worship with gay and beautiful festivity. She is not at all disturbed that Christian people—along with knowing the Faith in their minds and desiring the Good in their wills—also like to feel it in clapping hands, dancing feet, and a throb in their veins.

Every child suffers unless some relation is demonstrated between religion and his life. If it is only a serious grownup affair (a conclusion apparently arrived at by those pious fuddy-duddies who just can't stand children in church), then the child wonders what it has to do with him. The Church's traditional emphasis on color, melody, vesture, and dramatic gestures in her liturgy is a proof that these things (especially attractive to children) are an important part of religion.

It was such thoughts as these that prompted us to encourage little informal ceremonies for the children. Let me tell you about some of them. For one thing we sing grace before meals. It's more dramatic and pleasing to the children than a stiffly recited prayer. We

took the tune of "Row, Row, Row Your Boat" and substituted these lyrics: "Bless this food, Oh Lord, and bless all those who dine, and feed the poor where e'er they are on Christian bread and wine." Even when the children eat alone, they spontaneously chant this grace, including the pre-school babies.

At Christmas time, we have a puppet show in the living room to which we invite our neighbors. I make the puppets' faces and the children color them. The older girls sew the dresses. The children compose a play, sometimes in advance or sometimes spontaneously, a play that has something to do with the Christ Child. The cost of such a production is trifling. It is always accompanied by carols, and it's the highlight of Christmas afternoon. On the eve of Christmas last year, five adults and about sixteen children went around singing Christmas carols. This was especially enjoyed by some non-Catholic neighbors recently resident in the neighborhood.

We celebrate the feast of St. Nicholas on the proper date, December 6, despite the secular Santa Claus myth. We stole an old Germanic tradition to put this over. One of the neighborhood fathers dressed up as Bishop Nicholas with a high cardboard mitre, a purple gown, some cotton batting whiskers, and a gold-painted broomstick. I accompanied him as the traditional "Black Peter" attired in a skirt, a red sweatshirt, my face cork-blackened.

We asked the neighbors to put out their lights and light instead as many candles as they had and place them around the kitchen, to sit at their



The author's—and some of the neighbors'—children provide a living example of Christian joy

kitchen tables with their children and we would come to call. We had a basket full of assorted candies and cakes. The children's eyes fairly popped as we were admitted.

My friend, St. Nick, gave the children a fatherly and dramatic little sermon about being good while awaiting the coming of the Christ Child. Each child was invited to select a candy and cake. I played my part by remaining mute and passing out decorated ping-pong paddles for the purpose, as St. Nicholas explained, of paddling little boys and girls who were disobedient during Advent.

We went to each house in turn. The event was a religious and dramatic success. Some of the older children who "caught wise" were taken in on the secret and told that it was produced for the benefit of the little ones. Again very little effort was required to bring this ceremony about.

On the feast of St. John the Baptist we always have a little neighborhood bonfire, during which the children (since it is a mid-summer evening) go around catching fireflies. Afterward we eat and sing.

Passion Week and Easter are filled with pageantry. In our house we put a large tray on a coffee table in the living room. The children bring in some earth and twigs and set a cigar box in the earth on the tray. A wooden cross is planted beside the box. A little doll, bought in the five-and-ten, is wrapped in a white cloth and placed in the box. A large flat stone is laid on top. This is done on Good Friday. Easter morning

the children put little flowers (real or artificial) in the earth on the tray. Then they remove the stone from the cigar box. The doll characters of the Blessed Virgin, St. John, Mary Magdalene, and an angel get into the act. This metamorphosis in the little tableau goes over big.

As each year goes by, less is required of the parents. The children take the initiative themselves. Their inventions may be somewhat disproportionate and awkward but are yet a spontaneous expression of childlike faith.

We have lots of birthdays in our house, what with nine children, two adults, visiting friends and saints' days throughout the year. To describe any one of these many celebrations would only prove how simple, spontaneous, and unrehearsed the occasion can be. Yet with so many such little celebrations throughout the year we print indelibly on the child's memory and character a joyful awareness of supernatural life.

The props usually include a cake, a procession of candles, a story simply told about the current feast, and short appropriate prayers. The liturgical calendar is continuously consulted by the older children as they hunt for further reasons for celebration.

I cannot stress too much the fact that such informal rituals soon become the adopted preoccupation of the children. Overworked parents need not face an ever-increasing demand upon their energies and inventiveness. Quite the contrary. Few children will consent to be wallflowers. They all want to get into the act.

Along with the family celebrations that we put on, we also have neighborhood affairs. Our little rural community, I realize, provides us with opportunities not usually available to city families, yet in various ways what we do can be done even in city neighborhoods in a more limited way.

Our children are young and each year one or more receives First Communion. This usually occurs in the Spring and coincides with May devotions to Our Lady. We have a long celebration among the neighbors on that day. It varies from year to year, but commonly we have an outdoor meal or picnic together and a coronation of an outdoor statue of the Blessed Virgin. Story telling, flower picking, marshmallow roasting, group singing, play acting, dancing, and so many other things can all be done to the greater honor and glory of God at each fiesta.

All that needs to be done then is for parents to set a train of circumstances in motion and let childish enthusiasm carry it along. It may embarrass you to have religion mixed up with your worldly pleasures, because you and I have been reared in a world where religion enters as a thing of gloom and prohibition, but the children are delighted by the utter compatibility of laughter, clapping hands, and the dramatic developments of eternal life.

ED WILLOCK, former editor of *Integrity*, is a frequent contributor to Catholic magazines. The father of ten lovely children, he recently suffered the loss of his speech as a result of a stroke. He would appreciate your prayers.



Too Many Cooks in the Juvenile Court

**Social workers make courts child-welfare agencies.
Their half-baked theories override the child's legal rights.
Yet most delinquents need training—not psychiatry**

by MILTON LOMASK



WHEN the first juvenile court opened in Chicago in 1899, a prominent educator called it "the finest thing that ever happened to the children of this country."

Today, according to a United Nations survey, many of the country's 400-some juvenile courts are under the influence of a set of ideas that some authorities say shouldn't happen to this or any other generation of children.

What's going on in the courts is like the weather. It concerns nearly everyone. It is to the juvenile court that the community takes most of its dependent and neglected children. It looks to the court to help brake a rise in juvenile delinquency that last year involved at least 300,000 youngsters and cost the country 11 billion dollars—not to mention those losses that adding machines cannot compute.

According to sociologist Paul W. Tappan of New York University, author of the recent U.N. survey, most juvenile courts are dominated by a "case work" or "social work approach." Dr. Tappan's report, covering both this country and Canada, is factual and dispassionate. In conversation, however, he is colorful enough.

"It strikes me," he says, "that the underlying theories of this approach—if you'll pardon the expression—re half-baked."

These theories, as he sees it, are a breeding ground for two serious errors: They lead the courts to put "far too much emphasis" on the psychiatric or therapeutic handling of juvenile delinquency. And they encourage the courts in what Tappan calls "a tendency to disregard some of the fundamental legal rights of the child as guaranteed under the Constitution."

The original juvenile court gave form to several old ideas. There is nothing new in the principle that in correcting the erring child, the stress should be on rehabilitation, not punishment. It goes back at least to 1704 when a center "for the correction and instruction of profligate youth, that they who when idle were injurious, may when taught become useful to the state," was established in Rome at the Hospital of Saint Michael, founded by Pope Clement XI.

OVER the years the courts have received their share of glowing after-dinner speeches—and an occasional raspberry. One valid criticism is that some are not real juvenile courts at all. They are political footballs or mere after-thoughts of some adult criminal court. All need more qualified personnel. The juvenile courts, Dr. Tappan estimates, could use 20,000 trained probation officers. They can count barely 6,000 at present.

A good juvenile court is headed by a judge who has had special training in handling children. He is assisted by probation officers, many of them trained social workers. As a rule he has access to a child clinic staffed by a psychiatrist, one or more social workers, and a clinical psychologist.

It is from among these specialists—the probation officers and the clinicians—that the new theories come.

The specialists say: The child's offense isn't important in itself. It is only important as a *symptom*, usually indicating some emotional disorder.

Says the Honorable John J. Connelly, presiding justice of the Boston Juvenile Court, "this sort of thing is an over-extension of a medical analogy.

"Too often," says the Judge, "the specialist assumes that just because a boy lands in this court, he's suffering from something. The child arrives at two o'clock. Five minutes later the specialist wants to yank him off and start therapy. Half the time he doesn't even wait to find out whether the child has *done* anything to justify his being here in the first place. In the eyes of the specialist the kid is presumed guilty until such time as the specialist can psych him back to innocence."

"The facts," says the Judge, "are these: Of every 10 boys and girls coming into this court, only one needs psychiatric attention. The rest need training. They need to have it impressed upon them that they have obligations to society and that the day is not far off when, as adults, they must assume full responsibility for their own actions and behavior."

"It seems to me," the Judge adds, "that most kids not only need this training, they want it. Nine times out of ten they haven't got it at home or they wouldn't be here."

In the winter of 1947, the Judge recalls, a case occurred that was to become something of a turning point in the cold war between the bench of the Boston Juvenile Court and some of the specialists that assist and advise it.

Four 14-year-old boys were brought in. A hearing established that they had torn up a couple of high school rooms.



The community looks to the juvenile courts to break the rise in juvenile delinquency that last year involved 300,000 youngsters and cost 11 billion dollars. The courts belong to the people; people must not be indifferent

They had smashed furniture, broken windows, ripped out telephone wires. After the hearing, the boys were turned over to the clinic for examination. This is sound procedure. The misbehavior of some children, as we all know, can be traced to physical or psychological difficulties. At the very least these must be ruled out before the Judge can decide the best way to dispose of the case.

In due time a psychiatric social worker came in to talk to the Judge and the following conversation transpired:

"These four lads," she said, "need therapy and we hope you'll not do anything until we've completed our treatment. We are trying to show them why they tore up those school rooms."

"Why did they?"

"To release their hostilities and ag-

gressions. School represents authority. Naturally at that age, boys resent authority. We feel that by giving these boys insight into their problem, they'll see that there are better ways of getting rid of their resentful feelings. What do you think?"

"I think," said the Judge, "that a different kind of therapy is indicated here."

A FEW days later the boys and their parents stood before the Judge's bench. "A baby," the Judge told them, "cannot always control its impulses. In a fit of temper, it takes the dish on its high chair and smashes it, food and all, to the floor. We forgive the baby because we know he will learn to inhibit these hostile impulses as a part of his growing up. You boys are grown



Harold M. Lambert photos

up enough for that, but you've been acting like babies."

The Judge paused, shifting his gaze toward the parents of the four teenagers.

"Therefore," he said, "I am going to sentence you to a spell of babyhood. For the next three days your parents are going to dress you in diapers and sleep you in cribs. They're going to rub you with oil, sprinkle you with talcum, feed you by bottle—and after you've eaten, they're going to take you on their laps and burp you."

Juvenile Court proceedings are not open to reporters, but these lads lived in crowded areas and what the neighbors saw soon got to the newspapers and so to the world. In South Dakota, according to a news service dispatch, a delighted mother called the Judge's

decision "a declaration of independence for American parents."

Says Judge Connelly today: "For a long time now the specialists have been throwing social-work pidgin English at American parents. Some are so confused, they're abrogating control over their own children. This could have sad results. If parents continue to relinquish this control, someone is going to have to take it over. We all know who that 'someone' will be. It will be the State."

Another contention of many specialists is that *the child is not to blame, society is to blame*.

It is no secret that today's materialistic culture often has an adverse effect on the child. What is patently untrue are some of the inferences latterday social workers insist on extracting from this fact. They preach a kind of cultural Fabianism. They say, in effect:

"We must not expect very much of our children until such time as we have tidied up the world for them, ridding it of all difficulties."

In 1941, in an address before the Association of Juvenile Court Judges of America, the Honorable John Forbes Perkins—Judge Connelly's predecessor—called this thinking "a philosophy of excuse." He posed this query:

"Are we to teach our children that they make society or that society makes them?"

IN other words, are we going to teach kids to help themselves or run the risk of pauperizing their spirits?

Judge Perkins told his colleagues about a certain Professor X, a university sociologist, a learned man and a kindly one. Long study had convinced him that crime is merely a symptom that could be wiped off the face of the earth if only its basic cause could be discovered and removed.

Came examination week and Professor X had to flunk a sensitive student. The student got drunk, quarreled with his girl friend, picked a fight with a movie usher, delivered an effective left to the chin of a policeman summoned to quell the disturbance, and landed in court.

The court had him examined by a psychiatrist who came up with the diagnosis that "while many factors contributed to this young man's behavior, the basic cause was that he flunked his sociology examination."

When Professor X heard this, he wondered: "Could it be that here at long last is the secret of crime?"

Came another examination period and the Professor deliberately gave a quiz any child could pass. No one flunked this test and no one went berserk. Elated at these results, the Pro-

fessor got a grant of money from a philanthropic foundation, obtained a case history of every student involved and published a large book which was promptly hailed as a milestone in the battle against crime.

In his book the Professor told how one student embarked on a series of crimes after flunking an examination in which the standards were high. He told how 20 other students remained law-abiding after passing an examination in which there were no standards. The Professor then concluded, with breath-taking logic, that "the cause of crime is law and the way to get rid of crime is to get rid of law."

It would be unfair to speak of these theories without noting that some spe-



Religious News
**Pope Clement XI: for youth,
the stress was on correction
and usefulness to the state**

cialists oppose them. "What the juvenile courts need," says Dr. Tappan, "is less psychiatry and more psychiatrists."

This is not contradictory. There aren't enough good psychiatrists to go around. A good psychiatrist is one who can readily determine whether a child needs therapeutic attention. An honest psychiatrist is not going to subject a child to this sort of trying experience if he doesn't need it, any more than an honest surgeon is going to yank out a healthy appendix. Practice is one thing. Malpractice is another. Good psychiatrists know the difference.

To be blunt, many specialists now working in the juvenile courts do not. According to Dr. Tappan, American schools of social work are not training their people to work in juvenile courts. They are training them to work in social agencies which are voluntary in the sense that their clients come of their own accord asking for help.

Children do not come into the juve-

nile court voluntarily. They do not ask its help. They are brought in and its help is imposed upon them by authority. The primary problem of the average delinquent is not how to gain insight into his difficulties—which is what the specialists stress. His primary problem is to learn how to relate himself to the authority of the law.

Into the authoritarian atmosphere of the juvenile courts troop the social workers, chanting a familiar litany: "resolution of the Oedipus complex," "dynamics of social behavior," "release of hostilities," "father-fixation," "mother-fixation," "sibling rivalry," and all the rest of it. No doubt the social workers are doing good somewhere, but they ought to be ashamed of the way they have taken the most beautiful medium of expression ever invented—the English language—and littered it with verbal garbage.

"The juvenile court," says Judge Connelly, "welcomes the help of specialists, but the court cannot fulfill its obligations to society unless it remains a court first and a social agency second."

The social workers would strip the court of its authoritarian aspects and reduce it to the status of just another child welfare agency. Already, under this pressure, many courts are riding roughshod over the legal rights of children. Often, in some courts, the child is subjected to therapeutic treatment the minute he is brought in, even before his case has been adjudicated. This is tantamount to pronouncing him guilty before he has been tried, and to put him through the psychiatric wringer under these circumstances is to deprive him of his liberty without due process of law.

The specialists say, "don't worry about this. The juvenile court isn't a real court, and it is all compounded of good intentions." Their phrase, I am told, is "you don't have to protect the child from benevolence."

One wonders.

It is easy to trace these theories, and restful to the conscience too. It so happens that the juvenile courts don't belong to these specialists. They belong to the people. If disastrous things are taking place in them behind the public's back, it is only because the public hasn't bothered to turn around and have a good look.

As Judge Connelly has often said, "in the last analysis, these difficulties go back to that 'old devil'—public indifference and apathy."

MILTON LOMASK, former reporter for the New York Journal-American and other papers, is now a full-time freelance writer. He has written for many leading magazines.

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THE Sign POST

by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

Validating a Marriage

A mixed marriage was celebrated outside the Church. The non-Catholic party is now willing to have the marriage rectified, and there is no impediment standing in the way of a Catholic marriage. What must be done in this case?—N. S., WASHINGTON, D. C.

The couple referred to should immediately make an appointment to see their parish priest. After the non-Catholic party has complied with all the conditions required by the Church for dispensing from the impediment of mixed religion and that dispensation has been obtained, a valid Catholic marriage may then be contracted. This is a case of invalid marriage because of defect of canonical form. Hence, for simple validation, it must be newly contracted in the legitimate form, that is to say in the presence of a priest and two witnesses. The ceremony of simple validation usually takes place privately, but for special reasons may take place publicly. Furthermore, in order to remove scandal if it has already arisen, or to prevent scandal likely to arise, the fact of validation should be made known in some way or other. In this, as in any other particular case, the proper person to handle the matter is the parish priest. He knows the regulations of his diocese governing the case and will instruct the parties on exactly what has to be done.

"Objectionable in Part"

A certain movie has been listed by the Legion of Decency as "objectionable in part." Am I, a girl sixteen years old, forbidden to see that movie? What sin would I commit by going to see it?—M. F., OAKLAND, CALIF.

Our Divine Master emphatically declared: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind." This is the greatest and the first commandment. And the second is like to it, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." (Matt. 22:36, 37) This precept commands not only love of God and love of the neighbor, but also love of oneself; for the words "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" make it clear that true love of self is a presupposition of love for others. Hence charity toward ourselves demands that we desire and strive for that which will secure our own eternal happiness, namely, God's grace and the necessary means to obtain it. And that, in turn, means that we must avoid sin and dangerous occasions of sin.

Now, motion pictures, in general, do more than entertain. They impart information and they influence; they form attitudes and they affect emotions and patterns of conduct. Evidently, then, bad movies are bound to have a more or less profound bad effect on the human mind, heart, character, and conduct. Movies that treat murder, suicide, and divorce sympathetically; that portray vice, such as heavy drinking and reckless gambling, in a false light; that inculcate erroneous notions about love; such movies

are bad movies and, in the words of Pope Pius XI, "they are occasions of sin: they seduce young people along the ways of evil by glorifying the passions; they show life under a false light; they cloud ideals; they destroy pure love, respect for marriage, and affection for the family." (Encyclical Letter "Motion Pictures")

Since such motion pictures are occasions of sin, not necessary but free, they should be shunned by all in general and by young persons in particular who are passing through the most impressionable and formative period of life. When a picture is tagged "objectionable in part," that designation forewarns us that there is something really wrong and bad in that picture and helps us to form a right conscience about it. If a person, so informed and forewarned, gives no consideration to the dictates of true self-love and, without good and sufficient reason, insists upon seeing that picture, then that person can hardly be excused from rashness and he violates at least the virtue of prudence—the virtue by which we rightly judge, in the light of faith and reason, what is to be done in particular circumstances in which we are called upon to act or to refrain from acting.

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Basilicas

I am confused as to the proper use of the name "Basilica." Does it denote a very important cathedral, or a church having a certain architectural design?—J. E. B., STRASBURG-KASERNE, GERMANY.

"Basilica" comes to us from the Greek *Basileios* and signifies a kingly hall, and secondarily a beautiful hall. Such buildings were, as the name itself indicates, of Eastern origin; but the finest examples of them are found in the West. Long before the Christian era, basilicas were built both for market purposes and for the administration of justice. They were public, well-lighted buildings that conformed to a special plan of construction, the ground-plan being a parallelogram in which the width was not greater than one half of the length and not less than one third of it. Omitting details, we may say that a basilica is an oblong structure with columns, having an ambulatory of lower height, receiving light from above, and possessing a projecting addition designed to serve a particular purpose.

When, with Constantine, the Roman West was converted to Christ, the dark, narrow temples of pagan antiquity were found to be entirely unsuited for the holding of the Christian church services, so the basilicas were the first pagan edifices to be converted to Christian churches, for they were lightsome and had an apse in which an altar could be erected for fitting public celebration of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; and thereby the basilicas became in fact, as well as in name, Kingly Halls. At present, however, "Basilica" is a title of honor and is conferred by the Pope on privileged churches

remarkable for antiquity or historical associations. There are two classes of basilicas: Major (patriarchal) and Minor. They are privileged with the right of precedence as churches, special insignia, and a college of clergy entitled to the rochet and cappa. Among the most notable basilicas are those of St. Peter, St. John Lateran, and St. Mary Major in Rome, and St. Francis in Assisi.

Story of La Salette

I have been told that our Blessed Lady appeared at La Salette. Where is La Salette? To whom did she appear and what was her message?—H. D., KEOKUK, IOWA.

La Salette is the name of a mountain, about 5918 feet high. It is near the village of La Salette-Fallavaux, Isere, France. It is said that the Blessed Virgin appeared there, about three o'clock in the afternoon of September 19, 1846, to two peasant children, Melanie (Calvat) Mathieu and Maximin Giraud. To them Our Lady confided a general message and a special message; this latter has since been designated as "the secret of La Salette." The general message, which the children were "to deliver to all her people," complained bitterly about the impiety of Christians, threatened severe chastisements if they continued in their impiety, and promised divine mercy if they showed repentance and made amends.

The special message, "the secret of La Salette," at the instance of the Bishop of Grenoble, was conveyed in 1851 to Pope Pius IX and to him alone. However, in 1849, there was disseminated what purported to be a printed version of Melanie's "secret," and it aroused considerable controversy which continued to rage, at times rather violently, until 1915, when the Holy Office issued a decree which forbade any further publications on that subject.

Immediately after the children reported their experience at La Salette, large crowds of people flocked to the site. In 1851, the Bishop of Grenoble, Msgr. de Bruillard, declared the apparition certain and authorized devotion to

Our Lady of La Salette; ever since then La Salette has been a place of pilgrimage which every year attracts numerous visitors. In 1852, a large church was begun there and some time after its completion was favored with the title of Basilica. About the same year that the church was begun, the Bishop founded the Missionary Fathers of La Salette to take charge of the shrine and to spread the message here communicated.



Can the Dead Return?

The older folk up in Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, strongly believe in ghosts, and only this summer whilst visiting there I heard that a man, dead several years, appeared to his younger brother. I did not see anything myself, but I am afraid of the dead, and it seems to me that those honest and religious people cannot be just imagining those things. Do the souls of the dead ever appear to the living?—A. G., ROCKLAND, MASS.

That the "departed" continue to exist somewhere is a belief ineradicable from the normally constituted mind; it is a belief held by all peoples in every age and place. That belief is supported by human reason, which demonstrates that the human soul is spiritual and simple and therefore immortal. Divine revelation makes that belief absolutely certain and at the same time informs us that, immediately upon quitting the body, the soul will be irrevocably judged according as it is in sanctifying grace or out of it.

Since the "departed" are very much alive, it is reasonable to assume the possibility that some of them may on occasion return to the earth and manifest themselves in some way.

It would be unreasonable to reject in its entirety the mass of evidence that has come down through the ages to the effect that souls have revisited the earth and people they have known. In other words, not all reports about apparitions from beyond the veil are to be summarily dismissed as mere fiction, as the products of overwrought imaginations. For otherwise we would, logically, have to reject as hallucinations all the appearances of the Blessed Virgin and of the Saints recorded in hagiography. With regard to factuality, each individual case should be judged on the available evidence.

But let us suppose that it has been definitely established by conclusive evidence that an apparition was seen, and let us further suppose that it was, for instance, an appearance in material form of someone we knew intimately on earth. What then are we to think? Our answer is furnished by St. Thomas: "The fact that the dead do appear in some fashion to the living is explained either by a special divine intervention allowing the souls of the dead to concern themselves with the affairs of the living (and this must be counted amongst divine miracles), or such apparitions are due to the operations of angels, whether good or bad, and are done without the dead knowing anything about it."

In conclusion, let us observe that these few words of the Angelic Doctor serve both to console and to warn. They console by giving assurance that we need never fear the dead, and that if by His miraculous divine intervention the all-wise and all-loving God should permit, as He very rarely does, a departed soul to return to earth and appear to the living, even perhaps to ourselves, we can be positively certain that the purpose of the visitation is to help, not harm, to effect good, not evil. Those same words give this warning: beware of having anything whatsoever to do with spiritualistic and kindred practices, for they are fraught with very real and serious danger. By rashly seeking to see and converse with your dearly beloved dead, you may well succeed in making contact . . . with a demon.

Segregation and Intermarriage

a) Is it wrong to believe in and to promote segregation of colored people? b) Is there any law of the Church which forbids marriage between white and colored persons?—M. L. K., CHICAGO, ILL.

a) If segregation were an innocuous abstraction, we Catholics could afford to indulge in idle theoretical speculation about it. But we cannot treat it so lightly because segregation is a very concrete reality, an ugly thing in the midst of us, which implements prejudice and incorporates unjust discrimination. Segregation withdraws from the Negro equal means by which to perfect the gifts which God has given to him as a human person, systematically suppresses equal opportunity for him, and denies his political and economic rights—all of which tends to undermine and destroy his initiative, ambition, and self-respect.

For instance, segregation, as with us here and now, tries to keep the Negro in an environment that is inferior in every way. It would have him live only in the most decrepit houses in the community, usually located in our cast-off, dirty, rat-ridden slums; would have him attend substandard schools; would have him work only in those jobs that white men do not want, the ones that are the lowest paid and the least desirable. It is evident therefore that segregation, as actually practiced, is unjust; and to the extent that it is unjust is morally wrong. Any Catholic who supports segregation, or even passively permits it when he can do something about it, may well be guilty of sins against charity and justice. And any Catholic who has such an attitude has not the mind of Christ and His Church.

In this matter it would be well for all of us to make our

own the Christ-like sentiments of our Holy Father Pope Pius XII as expressed in his Letter to the American Church: "We confess that we feel a special paternal affection, which is certainly inspired of heaven, for the Negro people dwelling among you; for in the field of religion and education we know that they need special care and comfort and are very deserving of it. We therefore invoke an abundance of heavenly blessing and we pray fruitful success for those whose generous zeal is devoted to their welfare."

b) The Church does not forbid interracial marriages. The color of one's skin is no more an impediment to valid and licit marriage than the color of one's eyes. That said, let us hasten to add that the Church does discourage such marriages where certain unfavorable social conditions prevail. She discourages them, not because she is concerned with the shade of skin as a qualification for marriage, but because she is very deeply concerned with insuring the permanence of marriage and the temporal as well as the spiritual welfare of husband, wife, and future children.

In our country at the present time, conditions are such that marriages between white and colored persons seem to afford little hope of being successful. Granted that the family is the first unit of society, we must still recognize the fact that no family is complete in itself, that it cannot live to itself alone, that it cannot thrive or attain full and proper development without the assistance of the larger community, namely, the state. When we consider that some of our States do not grant even legal recognition to a marriage between a white and a colored person and that others have attached a criminal penalty to such a marriage, it is not difficult to see that no proper chance of success awaits the partners in such a union. Even apart from the legal aspect, it would be next to impossible for them to lead an entirely normal and reasonably happy married life, because they would be socially ostracized and compelled to live an abnormal existence in practical isolation.

The Heart of Saint Teresa

1) I am interested in knowing what the judgment of the Church was with regard to the relic of St. Teresa's heart, in which fifteen thorns appeared until 1875. Is her heart still in the same condition? 2) Where can I obtain a recently written life of St. Teresa of Avila?—A. B., NEW YORK, N. Y.

1) The body of St. Teresa of Avila, still preserved incorrupt, lies in the Carmelite Convent at Alba de Tormes, Spain. Her heart also is kept there in a special reliquary exposed to the veneration of the faithful; to this day it remains whole and untouched by decomposition. Holy Mother Church keeps a watchful eye on the relics of her sainted children and has laid down laws regulating, among other things, their possession, alienation, authentication, and veneration. One of the main purposes of her legislation is to make certain, as far as it is humanly possible, that relics presented for public veneration are really genuine. Hence, the Church requires that relics be authenticated and that a document of authentication be issued for and accompany each relic that is to be venerated publicly. Such authenticates may be issued only by certain specified persons: either by a Cardinal, or a Local Ordinary, or by one of the clergy who has obtained an Apostolic Indult authorizing him to authenticate relics. When any of the preceding persons has to authenticate relics he must, if possible, investigate their origin or source, and therefore demand a document bearing the signature and the seal of the one who enclosed the relic in its container. And the container itself must be sealed with the same seal which is impressed on the document of authentication.

The heart of St. Teresa, preserved at Alba de Tormes, having been duly authenticated, is considered by the Church to be genuine; in other words, that particular heart is really and

truly the heart of St. Teresa. However, the Church has not made, and indeed need not make, any official pronouncement respecting the state of St. Teresa's heart, for its condition is an observable physical phenomenon which all those who desire may see for themselves. After her death, the heart of St. Teresa was found to be pierced through the center exactly as if it had been stabbed by a dart. And that seems to confirm the statement which the Saint made in her autobiography: "I saw an angel beside me . . . in his hands [there was] a long gold dart and at the end of the iron there seemed to me to be a little fire. This I thought he thrust through my heart several times . . . and left me all burning with great love of God." In commemoration of that event, called the Transverberation of the Heart of St. Teresa, the Church has granted to the Carmelites a proper Office and Mass. The feast is celebrated on August 27.

The Bishop of Salamanca and three physicians examined the Saint's heart in 1872. They then reported that they saw what appeared to be thorns; but at the same time they stated that the "thorns" grew out of a little dust at the bottom of the relic's case and not out of the heart itself. In spite of their testimony, however, there still remains very serious doubt about any real thorns ever having been present. What is certain is that the heart has not decomposed and is perforated.

2) The story of St. Teresa's life has been told many times. To our correspondent we recommend the Saint's autobiography and, of more recent biographies, that written by William Thomas Walsh, *St. Teresa of Avila*, published by Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee.

Evidence of Baptism

Why does the Church ask for a Baptismal Certificate as a prerequisite for marriage? What is the law of the Church on this point?—N. M., WASHINGTON, N. J.

Baptism is the sacrament of initiation into the Mystical Body of Christ, which is the Church. Baptism is the rebirth which Jesus Christ spoke of when He said: "Amen, amen, I say to thee, unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." (John 3:5) When a man is baptized he is regenerated and comes forth a new creation in Christ, stamped with an indelible character of Christ-likeness that makes him eligible for the reception of the other sacraments and entitles him to all the rights and privileges of membership in Christ's Church. Hence no other sacrament can be received validly before baptism. Christian marriage being a sacrament, in order to receive it validly one must be baptized; and that is the principal reason why the Church demands evidence of baptism, usually in the form of a Baptismal Certificate, before the celebration of Christian marriage.

How solicitous she is to safeguard the sacrament of marriage and its proper administration may be gathered from the tenor of her legislation. Before the celebration of marriage, there must be proof that there is no obstacle to its validity and lawfulness. Even when one or both parties are in danger of death and marriage is to be celebrated, if possible, without delay, proofs of baptism are required. If a Baptismal Certificate cannot be obtained, the testimony of at least one trustworthy witness should be gotten. If even that is impossible, the Certificate of Confirmation or First Communion will suffice, or lastly a sworn declaration of the person in question if baptized in adult age. Furthermore, the parish priest is bound to obtain the Baptismal Certificate when the parties to be married were baptized outside his own territory, even if he knows for certain that they have been baptized.



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**Chancellor Konrad Adenauer,
leader of the Christian Demo-
cratic Union. From large
Protestant blocs: votes**



A religious procession in the ruins of Munich. Black Star and Wide World photos

A Hope of Government

Catholics and Protestants have joined political hands in West Germany.

They base political action on the Word of God and the Ten Commandments.

Will co-operation build a German democracy?

by WELLINGTON LONG

CATHOLICS and Protestants have achieved a political fellowship never before attained in German politics.

Chief credit for this startling development in a nation in which the fires of religious hatred have burned for a thousand years must go to the Nazis, who drove the two religions together. It is possibly the only benefit the Nazis brought to Germany.

Dramatic proof of this new religious union was provided by the West German federal parliamentary elections of September 6, when the Christian Democratic Union led by Catholic Konrad Adenauer corralled 45 per cent of the 27,000,000 votes cast.

In all German history, no political party had ever amassed such strength in a free election.

The CDU had always managed to carry most Catholic districts, for the simple reason that the Catholic Church supports that party.

But on September 6, the CDU increased its voting strength more than 50 per cent over what it was in the October, 1949 election. The avowedly confessional Centrum Party was all but wiped out, while the Catholic Bavarian Party simply disappeared. But the CDU's chief increase came in constituencies in which Protestants outnumber Catholics anywhere from 2-to-1 up to 20-to-1. Ninety-eight of the 243 CDU deputies in the lower house (Bundestag) of parliament are Lutherans. Half of the men considered most likely to succeed 77-year-old Adenauer if he eventually retires are Lutherans.

Look at Schleswig-Holstein, Germany's northernmost province, "Poorhouse of the Republic," where Protestants outnumber Catholics 10-to-1, where one-third of the population are refugees from the east. Depressed areas such as this are traditionally opposed to the federal government and, in the old days, the Protestants in such a community

would certainly have voted against a Catholic Chancellor.

But on September 6, the CDU won all of the 14 seats at stake in direct election in Schleswig-Holstein, compared to but seven in 1949, and picked up 47.2 per cent of the total popular vote in that province, compared with but 30 per cent in 1949. Its popular vote there totaled 636,000, although in all Schleswig-Holstein, there are but 153,000 Catholics, of whom not more than 100,000 are of voting age.

In Hamburg, Germany's greatest port and traditionally leftist, where Protestants outnumber Catholics 12-to-1, the CDU increased its vote over 1949 by an unbelievable 89 per cent.

Religious differences were simply shelved, and half the nation's Protestants voted for Adenauer because they approve his pro-Western politics. This despite the fact that there were politicians aplenty who tried to make religion an election issue.

The roots of this development must be sought in the Weimar Republic, where each of the two great religions were represented by their own political parties, and in particular in the tragic collapse of the Centrum Party.

The Centrum had arisen when Bismarck fought the Catholics, had defied, and beaten, the Protestant "Iron Chancellor," and its sole aim was to protect Catholic rights. It embraced workers, bourgeois, and rich of the Catholic Faith, and during the early part of Weimar was undoubtedly a moderating influence on all cabinets, and certainly provided a number of outstanding government leaders during the twenties.

But the Centrum must also take a large proportion of the blame for the instability of Weimar governments.

Its last great leader was Heinrich Bruening, who attempted to govern by decree in 1931 and 1932. But Bruening was the victim of vicious intrigue by General Schleicher, Franz von Papen, and his friends of the Herrenklub, who turned aging President von Hindenburg against him. Bruening resigned rather than be dismissed.

desperate need for a political group to defend Catholic rights—for Hitler had made no secret of his views toward religion—the Centrum went out of business, and some of its deputies even attempted to join the Nazis. The Nazis wouldn't have them.

In the meantime, von Papen traveled to the Vatican and there negotiated a concordat which, on paper, granted the Catholics complete freedom to maintain the old and to establish new confessional schools in Germany, in return for which the Catholic clergy was to remain aloof from politics.

Yet, even as the concordat was being negotiated, Hitler's toughs were beating Catholic leaders, and the properties of Catholic organizations were being confiscated. The campaign was only accelerated the moment the concordat was signed.

Religious leaders in general were slow, even after 1933, to understand what Hitler was doing, possibly because the early Hitler government included such Catholic lay leaders as von Papen. But some men of both faiths recognized the danger and fought it.

One was Cardinal Faulhaber of Munich, who attacked the Nazis publicly at every opportunity. Another was Count Galen, Catholic Bishop of Muenster, who ordered his parish to pray for

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Konrad Adenauer, the former Lord Mayor of Cologne who had been driven from politics almost the very day Hitler took over, and his friend of years, banker Robert Pferdemenges, leader of Cologne's Protestant community, sat down to rebuild some kind of democratic political party. It wasn't enough, they decided, that a party be confessional, since that was in fact the reason for the collapse of the Centrum, and of Weimar.

Hermann Ehlers, 49-year-old Speaker of the Bundestag, vice-chairman of the CDU, and member of the governing Synod of the German Evangelical Church, described these men's thoughts in a speech in Hamburg last spring.

In the Anglo-Saxon world, said Ehlers, political parties were based on political or economic ideologies. But in Weimar-Germany, there had in addition been strictly confessional parties. Something new must be found.

"It was decided," said Ehlers, "that our basis for political action should be the word of God and the Ten Commandments. 'Love Thy Neighbor' could cover almost everything in politics."

"For us, the Christian basis is not just



Evangelical Hermann Ehlers and Catholic Ehard: in political unity, strength

He was succeeded in the Reichs Chancellery by Centrist Franz von Papen. Monsignor Kaas, Centrum Party chairman, and the rest of the Centrist leaders never forgave von Papen and suddenly began conspiring with the Nazis in an attempt to unseat him.

They succeeded and in January, 1933, Adolf Hitler took over the Chancellorship.

But the final inglorious act that doomed the Centrum came on March 23, 1933, when the Reichstag, less the Communist deputies and some of the Socialists who already were in jail, met in the Protestant Garrison Church at Potsdam, burial place of Frederick the Great.

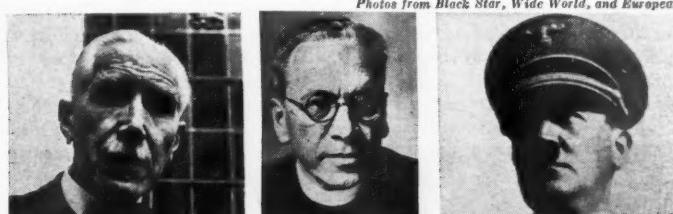
On that black day, Monsignor Kaas voted his Centrum Party in favor of giving Hitler dictatorial powers. On July 5, the Centrum dissolved itself. For forty years, the Centrum had been an anomaly, yet it had hung on. Now, at the moment when there was finally

Protestant Pastor Martin Niemoller when he got into trouble with the Nazis for opposing government interference with the practice of religion.

Catholic and Protestant made common cause against the Nazis. The history of the anti-Nazi resistance movement, such as it was, shows that leaders of both faiths struggled together, religious differences forgotten, the re-establishment of liberty their single, common goal.

And for twelve long years, Germany's democrats had time to study where Weimar went wrong.

After the German defeat, men such as



In 1932, Von Papen led the Catholic Centrum Party. Msgr. Kaas unseated him in 1933: Adolf Hitler became Chancellor

any old formula, but a very concrete instruction for daily political decision. That does not mean that we should use the Bible as a book of political recipes, but it does mean that we attempt, in every single question, to orient ourselves on the word of God and His advice.

"That is why, for the first time in centuries, Protestants and Catholics are able to work together harmoniously in a Christian Democratic Union."

In fact, it meant that for the first time on the continent in this century, a political party had been founded along the lines of the two great American parties which could provide a political

home for Catholic and Protestant, rich and poor, industrial worker and farmer.

This Catholic-Lutheran unity wasn't achieved without birth pains, and there are still a number of politicians who would like to see it brought to an end. One of them, curiously, is Josef Wirth, a former Reichs Chancellor who during Weimar was a leading Centrist.

NOWADAYS, however, Wirth has joined with Gustav Heinemann, President of the Evangelical Synod, and Lutheran Pastor Martin Niemoller, in a movement to neutralize Germany. Heinemann, who was Adenauer's Interior Minister four years ago, but who resigned in protest against rearmament plans, and Niemoller have sought to use their influential positions in the Lutheran Church to swing the whole body of Protestants against Adenauer's pro-Western policy on grounds it will lead to war. But on September 6, the Heinemann-Niemoller-Wirth neutralists failed to win a single Bundestag seat.

Thomas Dehler, Minister of Justice in Adenauer's first cabinet, and a leader of the liberal Free Democrats, tried to inject a religious issue into the election campaign. Contending that while certain individuals in the CDU were undoubtedly real statesmen, Dehler told a Free Democratic rally in Frankfurt last May that the CDU as a whole must be regarded as a confessional party, and therefore opposed to the state.

"An unfortunate development, beginning in the Frankfurt Congress in 1848," Dehler said, "threatens to persist and to prevent the Germans ever again becoming a nation. Confession intervenes be-

tween the individual and the State, instead of bringing the two together."

Dehler loosed a particularly bitter attack on the Catholic Bishop of Wuerzburg, his home town, claiming that the Bishop had said the only issue in the election was that of confessional schools.

The chief result of Dehler's activities was that he was refused a seat in the new cabinet Adenauer appointed October 20. Reinhold Maier, Free Democratic Minister President of Baden-Wuerttemberg, took up the attack on the confessional schools, too, arguing that all public schools should be interdenominational, as they are in the United States. As a result, his party lost considerable strength and Maier lost the Minister Presidency of Baden-Wuerttemberg, which he had held for eight long years.

This idea of religious union has been carried out from the top right through to most of the lower levels of the CDU. It starts with Catholic Adenauer, who has three confidential secretaries—all Lutherans.

It follows right through in the group of men from whom Adenauer's successor most likely will be chosen.

Three of this group are Hans Ehard, Catholic Minister President of Bavaria; Catholic Franz Josef Strauss, 38-year-old foreign affairs expert, and Minister without Portfolio in Adenauer's new government; and Kurt-George Kiesinger, 49, a Catholic Wuerttemberger.

But this group also includes Bundestag Speaker Hermann Ehlers and Robert Tillmans, 49, of Berlin, both members of the Evangelical Synod, and Protestant Gerhard Schroeder, 43-year-

old Saarlander and Adenauer's new Interior Minister.

Ten of the new cabinet ministers are Protestant, nine are Catholic. Of the eleven CDU ministers, three—Ludwig Erhard, Schroeder, and Robert Tillmans—are Protestant.

In a radio address two nights after the cabinet was appointed, Ehlers pointed out that the ratio of Catholics to Protestants in the CDU parliamentary party was three to two, and warned that the Protestants who had helped vote Adenauer back into power "expect the same parity in the cabinet."

This political unity is still pretty new, however, and faces several severe tests in the next few months.

One of the toughest will be the selection of a West German Ambassador to the Vatican. Although the Vatican has had a diplomatic representative here since 1949, Adenauer hasn't yet gotten around to appointing his own Ambassador to the Holy See.

The Chancellor is believed to have been deliberately stalling on this appointment, in order not to precipitate a split in his party, because the Catholics insist the Ambassador should be a Catholic, while the Protestants claim he must be one of them, because 51 per cent of West Germans are Lutheran, while only 45 per cent are Catholic.

ANOTHER test will be the laws to be drawn up on equality of men and women and the so-called "Family Rights Law," because this will involve the rights of parents to decide their children's place and type of education, both secular and religious.

In connection with this, there will undoubtedly have to be a Supreme Court decision on the validity of the concordat with the Vatican which von Papen negotiated in 1933. The federal government and the Cardinal of Cologne, Archbishop Frings, contend this agreement is still binding, but some of the Protestant leaders in the provinces, particularly Maier of Baden-Wuerttemberg, dispute that and say they will not consider it binding on their states.

The right-wing struggle to cut down Marxist influence in the Trades Union Federation also will test the strength of the new religious alliance, since some Protestants may feel that Catholics such as Jakob Kaiser and Karl Arnold are becoming too powerful.

In any event, the next four-year legislative period will show whether the two religions have really learned how to co-operate politically, or whether they still don't know that they must go hand in hand if "isms" of both the Nazi and Communist variety are to be successfully defeated and democracy is to be preserved in the new Germany.



The Vatican and Germany signed a concordat in 1933. Hitler violated it. Cardinal Faulhaber was fearless in attacking the Nazis in public

Iron Curtain: 1558

by MARTIN TANSEY

THE Iron Curtain . . . Bet you think it's something new, don't you? A fashion unheard of till the Bolsheviks dreamed it up after their revolution?

It isn't, though. Long ago, there was a British Iron Curtain. Catholics were fenced in in England as everybody is today in the Soviet Empire. Their fate was identical with that of the modern Eastern European except in the location of their concentration camps and the language in which they were cursed by their masters.

You aren't aware of this if you learned your history from the usual sources. To make up for the omission, here is some Iron Curtain history you ought to know.

Elizabeth Tudor took over the throne of England in 1558. England, at the time, was predominantly Catholic. The nobility, however, had padded their pockets with wealth which Catholics had invested in religious and welfare enterprises. To consolidate their grab, these nobles had to make England Protestant and keep it that way. Elizabeth, because her royalty was legally shaky, had to go along with them.

She and her successors shaped laws for the precise purpose of making it impossible for the average Englishman to remain a Catholic. This policy of legal extermination continued for two hundred years. Two hundred years of terrorism and torture in the best of modern Iron Curtain traditions.

If you had been a Catholic in England, in those days, here is how you would have had to live:

You couldn't leave the country without getting a passport from the King or a Privy Council which was about as friendly as the Soviet Presidium. And you had just about as much chance of getting a clearance from them as from the Presidium.

If you skipped out like contemporary Iron Curtain refugees, your property went to your nearest relative who had accommodated these pioneer totalitarians by becoming a Protestant.

Such laws, of course, were intended to keep you in England. Suppose they did. How would you fare from that point on?

Well, if you believed in a Vicar of Christ other than the British Crown, you forfeited every nickel of money and every square inch of property you

owned. For a second offense, you lost your citizenship. For a third, you were hanged, drawn, and quartered.

This was a fascinating operation, in which you were suspended by the neck, cut down before you died, your torso hacked open, and your insides ripped out. In England, mind you! Not Spain. Not at an Iroquois council fire.

If you expressed the opinion that Elizabeth was a heretic (which she was. She was probably an atheist, too), that opinion also qualified you for the surgical prank mentioned above. A Protestant returning to the Catholic Church or being converted to it became a candidate for the same treatment.

You were not permitted to settle within ten miles of London. You couldn't move more than five miles from your usual residence. That is, not without a license from Reformation Commissars.

MAYBE you think you could have avoided trouble by keeping your mouth shut and strictly observing the "off bounds." Don't be silly. You were being converted to Protestantism. So you had to attend the Protestant Church. If you didn't, you were fined about \$1,500 a month. And if you had a family, you paid the same amount for every grownup member of it (over sixteen) who failed to attend.

You had to be married by a Protestant minister. Otherwise, neither you nor your wife could legally share in each other's property. Your children had to be baptized by a Protestant minister or you paid a fine of \$7,500 per child.

You couldn't be a lawyer, a doctor, a pharmacist. You couldn't be a corporation official. Couldn't hold any public office. Couldn't be commissioned in the armed forces. Couldn't act as legal executor or guardian.

But how would they get wise to you? A Catholic looks like anyone else. Your neighbors would be Catholics like yourself or Protestants who probably had their Catholic Faith beaten out of them by the same horrible routine. They would be likely to feel pretty sorry for you—in no mood to report you to the police.

Three up-to-date methods were used to find you out:

(1) Bribery. Informers were rewarded



Secret police
and stool pigeons

—any thug, drunk, or thief who was after cash. These informers got one-third of the fine you paid. Protestant relatives were offered special inducement. Your property went to your next of kin who happened to be a Protestant. The law was frankly an attempt to corrupt their honor and turn them into greedy tattletales.

(2) A Gestapo. A surprisingly efficient one. Walsingham was its kingpin. He had the same ratty job as Heinrich Himmler and Lavrenti Beria have had in more recent times. And he went about it in the same way. Catholics were shadowed by his bloodhounds both inside and outside England.

(3) Torture. The rack. The whip. Hanging by the wrists. This, to force either confession of guilt or betrayal of friends.

TUDOR pharmacists had no benzodrane, though, to lift you emotionally up and then let you down as if you had been dumped off a bridge. No actedron to alter your personality and make you compliant. Being pre-Edison, there was no convenient spotlight to burn through your eye and into your brain.

The Communist secret police did think up a few things like these on their own. Not much, though. They didn't have to. The British Government, long ago, did practically all of it—to force Englishmen to become Protestants. And with almost complete success. Most Englishmen and Americans have never heard the story, so carefully has it been kept out of history textbooks.

But the Reds heard it. As a result, they didn't have to invent an Iron Curtain. They only had to cut one to the old British pattern and drape it across Eastern Europe.



A SIGN PICTURE STORY

Students at the family institutes are given real-life training in acting as "mothers" to children of all ages

Photos—Province of Quebec

Schools for Happy Marriages

by EVELYN M. BROWN

Quebec's Family Institutes
are training young women for true
Christian family living

CANADIAN misses across the length and breadth of the Province of Quebec are receiving the most thorough-going training for Christian married life available anywhere. And the training doesn't stop at the need for high family ideals, but gets right down to such practical matters as telling a good cabbage from a bad one, making formula for baby, shopping, first aid, budgeting, and even weaving.

Known as Family Institutes, the schools that offer this training are mushrooming throughout French Canada. Today, there are 39 superior schools, 75 intermediate schools, and 51 postgraduate schools. And the number of students at an individual school sometimes ranges as high as 250 girls.

Already proven as an effective weapon against the increas-

ing menace of divorce and broken homes, the family institutes have attracted scores of social workers from all over the world who come to Canada to hear about the "magic" formula.

"The only 'magic' about the family institutes," said one instructor, "is not so much the exhaustive training in technical domestic skills, but the creation of an intensely feminine mentality among our students. And by femininity we mean no mere carbon copy of Hollywood stars, but a quality that springs from naturalness, assurance, and poise."

Mothers who have seen their daughters transformed from awkward teen-agers into charming and efficient housewives have clamored for refresher courses themselves. To meet this demand, the postgraduate courses were begun.

The results the family institutes have already achieved are proof enough of their value. Statistically, there has not been a single case of a broken home where the wife was a graduate of a family institute.

If further evidence is needed, you can look beyond even the long lists of young women waiting to enroll in the family institutes to the many young men anxious to marry a graduate of one of Quebec's schools for happy marriages.



Diagnosis and treatment of everything from sick husbands to sick cabbages is part of training



Regular friendly talks between teacher and student serve to answer student's questions and provide her with progress report



Classroom lectures cover such courses as child and male psychology, spirituality, and family relations



That babies and bottles go together is a fact students must learn early



Care of infants is a practical problem which students learn to solve by doing everything a real mother would



School co-operatives help students learn how to cut costs. For one week, students take actual charge of student "family"



At school "bank" girls receive an allowance which must be stretched to meet costs of running family



First-aid training will come in handy when this young lady has her own family



Family recreation is important phase of training of future wives. Here, girls learn music appreciation



Designing and making clothes from sewing to actual weaving is part of practical training



Books

CRISIS IN THE KREMLIN

By Maurice Hindus. 319 pages.
Doubleday. \$3.95

Maurice Hindus, born in Russia, moved to the United States in 1905 and was educated here. But, serving as a correspondent, he has visited Russia often. By blood, then, and by experience, he knows Russia about as well as anyone can know that "mystery wrapped in an enigma," and his new book, in consequence, contains many acute observations and insights.

Its thesis is a plausible one: Stalin, dizzy from success, forced Russia to overextend itself in the postwar period and, in doing so, aroused the opposition of the United States. Malenkov, his successor, has decided, for the time being, to be prudent, and in particular to placate the Russian peasants, in whose hands, Hindus believes, is the real key to peace or war. It is not that Malenkov and Company are any more dependable, any less ambitious, than Stalin. The very fact that they are more prudent is a reason for the free world to be even more watchful of them.

Hindus is among the many observers who make sharp distinctions between the Russian people and their rulers. The people, apparently, have qualities of temperament and character that fit them to become citizens of a moral, fraternal, peaceable world. The expense to which their rulers are going to get them to hate the world outside, especially the United States, is largely a waste. That is an encouraging note in this book, and there are other encouraging notes in it, too. But there is no new, easy formula in it for winning the cold war. Hindus is not a mountebank.

HUGH CROSSON.



Maurice Hindus

Magazine, you will know what to expect from the contents.

Over the years, many famous writers and well-known persons have contributed to the periodical. Among the diverse names to be found in this book are Douglas MacArthur, Louis F. Budenz, Will Durant, Harry Emerson Fosdick, Monsignor Maurice S. Sheehy, Robert E. Sherwood, Booth Tarkington, and Zane Grey. There is a representative number of stories, but the bulk of the book is made up of articles ranging from Communism, national defense, war experiences, personality sketches, inspirational articles, to humor. There is also a sprinkling of cartoons. Victor Lasky, who edited the book, contributes an appraisal of Charlie Chaplin.

Inevitably, in a collection of this kind, some of the articles are dated and one gets the impression that the inclusion of as many prominent names as possible influenced the selections regardless of timeliness or intrinsic merit. Nevertheless, there is an abundance of material here that is both instructive and entertaining. Masculine appeal naturally predominates, but the variety to be found and the sprightly manner of presentation should be of interest to all readers.

Eugene Lyon's article "Speak Up for America!" sets the tone for the book, and it is a pleasure to find the neglected ideals of patriotism emphasized for a change. The prevailing affirmative approach to problems is also refreshing.

DOYLE HENNESSY.

THE CANYON

By Jack Schaefer. 132 pages.
Houghton Mifflin. \$2.00

The conventional excitements of the Western story are missing in this moving legend by the author of *Shane*. In their place are moments of tenderness, an appreciation of beauty, an understanding of solitude's compensations and shortcomings, and passages in which a wilderness rebellion and fight for survival scale some mighty tense peaks.

The story takes place before the white man came to the border country now known as Idaho, Montana, North



Jack Schaefer

THE AMERICAN LEGION READER

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Hawthorn. \$1.95

This collection of what the editor chose as "the best material to appear in the magazine during the past 34 years" is a hefty and handsome volume. If you are familiar with the *American Legion*

Dakota, and Wyoming. Harsh and grim was the existence of the tribes who roamed the territory, the Comanches, the Pawnees, the Bighorns, and the Cheyennes. Life was particularly severe to Little Bear, a young Cheyenne with "strange" ideas. He had been adopted into the tribe and was respected for his hunting skills, his bravery, and his bearing. But he was dishonored for refusing to smoke the pipe of war.

Like nonconformists throughout time, Little Bear and his loving, submissive young bride set out to create a paradise. A lonely canyon, without entrance or exit, became their home. Little Bear hunted, fished, and dreamed, but eventually faced the inescapable. Man must live in his world, meet and conquer human problems, if he is to fulfill his destiny.

Schaefer handles his unusual thesis with restraint and understanding. In direct, sincere, and effective prose, he transports the reader to an era when civilization wasn't even a shadow, but life was both complex and challenging.

JERRY COTTER.

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The sixth and final installment of Sir Winston's monumental history of the Second World War resembles two movements of an "Eroica" symphony. In the first half the reader is swept aloft by the orchestration of a dazzling paean of victory. The second part is a threnody more tragic than Beethoven's prophetic dirge for Napoleon.



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W. S. Churchill

New Books

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By Martial Lekeux, O.F.M.—In this book the author lays down the one simple principle underlying true sanctity, which is the indispensable prerogative of every man: good will. The necessity for sanctity and the simple method of arriving at that sanctity are insisted upon and by the time the last chapter has been read, the total structure stands beautifully completed.

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bottle. Thereafter, in and out of season, he prophesied like Cassandra to deaf American ears.

The author makes no attempt to conceal grave blunders of his own.

Perhaps the heaviest charge against him is that he accepted the role of browbeating the Polish Government-in-Exile into joining a Popular Front with the Communist Lublin Committee, and that he executed the task with considerable brutality. Thus he helped seal the doom of Polish liberty. The book argues powerfully that the step was at the time imperative and that without it the war might have been lost. The truth remains that Churchill in effect betrayed the Government for which Britain went to war and which had reinforced the British Navy, Air Force, armor, and infantry with scores of thousands of intrepid and hardy fighters.

Thus is completed a work more than Homeric in stature and authority. In it meet the rarest of conjunctions. Churchill was one of three titans who led to crushing victory the mightiest conflict the world has known. He happens to wield also the most eloquent prose style of our day. What surer lien could a man have upon immortality?

RICHARD L. STOKES.

UNCONDITIONAL HATRED

*By Capt. Russell Grenfell, R.N.
Devin-Adair. 273 pages. \$3.75*

This is a hard-hitting book on a controversial subject—which is another way of saying that it will receive either unstinted praise or merciless attack, depending less on its merits than on the reader's preconceptions. Captain Grenfell believes that American and British policy regarding the two world wars "suffered from defects of a major character." Many of his conclusions are beyond dispute; thus, it is clear that the Germans did not "start" the war of 1914. On other matters, however, there is room for questioning. The author insists, for example, that the Nazi tyranny was a domestic matter of the Germans with which the democracies had no business to interfere. Yet Hitler himself took an opposite view, writing in *Mein Kampf* that "Germany will either become a World Power or will cease to exist altogether." Thus, even admitting the use of the hate-Hitler theme by Allied propaganda, it is manifestly unfair to depict Churchill and Roosevelt as international crusaders preaching a holy war against a mythical threat.

The book is also marred by the author's tendency to compare situations which in fact are surrounded by differ-

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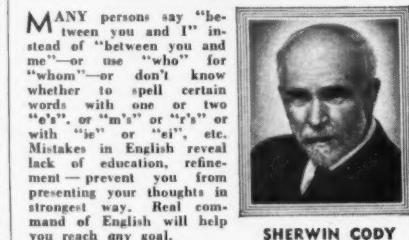
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ent circumstances. Thus, he seems to argue that since the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 and the Russo-Japanese War of 1904 were localized, the Serbian dispute of 1914 and the Polish question of 1939 should have been resolved in the same way.

Criticism of political leaders and policies is essential in a democratic society, but democracy is best served by less "heat" and more "light" than this book seems to offer.

CHARLES P. BRUDERLE.

FIRE IN THE ASHES: EUROPE IN MID-CENTURY

By Theodore H. White. 405 pages.
Sloane Associates. \$5.00

A well-informed, meticulous, interested, and interesting mind charges this book with vitality and integrity. Although the subject bristles with complexity, Mr. White does not get exasperated easily, he does not despair easily, and he does not oversimplify. He is an urbane realist.

The book tells a story and advances a thesis. The story is the familiar, but here freshly presented, account of how the Atlantic Community has labored to establish a common defense against the Communism and imperialism of Russia. The thesis is that the avowed intent of Russia to communize and colonize the rest of the world can be frustrated not by a grand gesture or a grand crusade but by unceasing vigilance and a series of "deals." Mr. White takes pains to show that the "deals" need not "smell." What he advocates, in short, is patience and prudence, as against a "preventive war." The non-Communist world is in no condition to undertake such a war anyhow.

Mr. White devotes more space to his story, however, than he does to his thesis, and he tells that story extraordinarily well. As a writer he is quiet, intimate, leisurely, and more given to concrete details than to abstractions. His book in consequence possesses a rich and convincing cumulative effect. It is particularly understanding and hopeful in its pages on France and on the possibilities of the separate nationalities of Europe recognizing that, in a real union, they would share not only a common danger but a common civilization and a common opportunity.

JOHN DINEEN.

THE WHITEOAK BROTHERS

By Mazo de la Roche. 307 pages.
Atlantic. Little Brown. \$3.75

The Whiteoak Brothers is the latest of Mazo de la Roche's novels about Jalna. Her followers will read it with nostalgia inexpressible. Newcomers may perhaps feel they have strayed into a Never-Never Land.

For it carries us back to 1923, and



This rapidly boiling gentleman

really has nothing to do with **THE WATER AND THE FIRE** (\$2.75) by Gerald Vann, O.P., except that he is certainly keeping calm and refusing to be intimidated by circumstances. Father Vann's thesis is that if we are to live in the modern world unfrightened and unbewildered, we need a thorough understanding of our own souls as well as of our Faith. With such a grasp of reality we can not only keep calm, but really help the world as well as ourselves. The title refers to water and fire as they were used as teaching symbols in ancient religions and as they are used now, more richly, in the Church of God. This and the two books below will appear on January 27th.

Why everyone writes to Msgr. Knox as soon as they stub their spiritual toes is hard to say: perhaps it's because he is well known to be not only learned, but one of the kindest of men. The letters in his new book, **OFF THE RECORD** (\$2.50), were written to prospective converts, converts already in the Church, and born Catholics (who can think up some very pretty problems too). Just about anyone will find the answer to something he has wondered about, not to mention ways of helping other people in spiritual difficulties.

We are very happy indeed to be reprinting **SONNETS AND VERSE** (\$3.00) by Hilaire Belloc, some of the loveliest poetry to be written in the last hundred years.

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a Canada apparently all dewy fresh. Renny, its hero, is a thirty-seven-year-old veteran of the wars and the embodiment of attractive, hard-to-get masculinity. He is a gentleman farmer with a parcel of younger brothers to bring up. These boys, incredibly named Eden, Piers, Finch, and Wakefield, are bursting with get-rich-quick schemes, young love, and poetry. Grandmother Whiteoak still queens over all, and the whole family is so British that if they didn't talk about dollar bills instead of pound notes, you would never dream it was the Western Hemisphere they were living in.

The characters are sharply defined and individualized, and there is a family tree near the front for ready reference; a must in all endless sagas of tribal life.

The book begins on Finch's fifteenth birthday and his gloomy fear that everyone has forgotten it. The plot spins along comfortable and bright. It is a winsome tale, full of adventures and misadventures but with no peril of unhappy endings.

In fact, by *The Whiteoak Brothers* we are, like the light-novel devouring jailbird in the Evelyn Waugh satire, "transported into a strange world of wholly delightful and estimable people whom he had rightly supposed not to exist."

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Comrades!

► A couple of Chinese who had been friends in the good old days when both were successful merchants met on the street recently.

"What are you doing these days?" one asked.

"I'm a government spy," the other replied.

"Why, so am I," said his friend. Then he whispered, "You can tell me what you really think of the Reds."

The other looked around cautiously. Then he said:

"I think the same as you do."

The questioner groaned.

"How unfortunate," he exclaimed.

"Now I shall have to arrest you."

—Leo Gordon

SHORT NOTICES

STRETCHING THE FAMILY INCOME. By Robert and Helen Cissell. 253 pages. Wagner. \$3.00. If you are having trouble living within your family income (and in these days, who isn't?), this interesting little volume may serve you well.

Maintaining that it is not enough simply to tell people to avoid materialism, the authors, guided by Christian principles, have tackled their subject in a down-to-earth manner. Their solutions to the plight of modern family living will be of inestimable value primarily to young married couples and those contemplating marriage, though even the most experienced homemakers can profit from this gem of a book that should be recommended at every Cana conference.

CURTAIN TIME. By Lloyd Morris. 380 pages. Random House. \$5.00. From Wallack to ANTA, the American theater and its people have come under the scrutiny of a man who has been enchanted by the footlights and the colorful troubadors who have brightened it. Lloyd Morris, author of *The Celtic Dawn*, *The Damask Cheek*, and *The Rebellious Puritan*, would like to see the theatrical glories of yesteryear revived. He communicates much of the fascination he feels for the stage in a wealth of material that is factual, amusing, and perceptive. It is an invaluable chronicle, profusely illustrated and carefully documented.

THE JOURNALS OF LEWIS AND CLARK. By Bernard DeVoto. 504 pages. Houghton Mifflin. \$6.50. Bernard DeVoto has selected from the seven volumes which make up the text of the *Original Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition* to make up this absorbing book. For the first time, the reader who has neither time nor energy to cope with a multi-volume work can become acquainted with the classic narrative of the exploration of the American West.

This story is not only vivid history, it is a fascinating personal tale of vigorous and courageous men striving through an infinite variety of hardship and adventure. It is well worth turning off the television set to read.

CHINA IN THE 16TH CENTURY. Translated by Louis J. Gallagher, S.J. 616 pages. Random House, \$7.50. The Journals of Father Matthew Ricci, one of the earliest known Jesuit missionaries in China, are here presented for the first time in English from a much earlier translation into Latin by Nicholas Trigault. Father Ricci lived in close contact with the Chinese people for twenty-seven years. The Journals, which

he wrote in Italian for the General of the Society of Jesus rather than for publication, are of inestimable value to geographer, historian, and missioner alike. They are also an eloquent testimony to the self-sacrificing efforts of those who sought to bring the Christian way of life to the Chinese people of the sixteenth century.

A TREASURY OF EARLY CHRISTIANITY. Edited by Anne Fremantle. 625 pages. Viking. \$6.00. Early Christianity is so far off from us in time that the modern Christian sees it only through the romantic blur and glow of his imagination. He idealizes it into vague dream stuff which bewitches him like a mood but fails to inform his mind. The reality, however, is much more interesting than his idealization of it. Anne Fremantle's selection of Early Christian literature rapidly makes this clear. Clement, in the year 97, spoke with as much consciousness of divine authority to rule the Church as Pius does in the year 1953. Pagans had very definite ideas about Christians—and vice versa—in the old Roman Empire as they have in the contemporary era of the United Nations. The Early Christians read books, heard sermons, wrote poetry, sinned, suffered, served God, and died in circumstances as literal as our own. This volume makes them much homelier than any imaginative portrait. But it makes them, too, much more human, understandable, and likeable.

NOTHING BUT CHRIST. By Kilian McDonnell, O.S.B. 185 pages. The Grail. \$2.00. In the words of the subtitle, this is "a Benedictine approach to lay spirituality." Each chapter is inspired by the Holy Rule of St. Benedict, a rule whose basic plan is family life in Christ. As Fr. Kilian says, St. Benedict "knew that once he had a holy family all its members would be saints." There is nothing out-of-date in this ideal, nothing "so timely as what gave birth in his great soul to humility, faith, reverence, silence, and prayer."

St. Benedict should be popular with lay people. Although not a glamorous saint, he is "the model of little people and the common man, who have little of the glamorous and sensational in their own lives." More importantly, perhaps, he is "our loving father." His gentleness, understanding, calm, and his whole-hearted dedication to Christ ("to prefer nothing to the love of Christ") are reflected in this book. Fr. Kilian writes simply and directly. His book does well what St. Benedict wanted "spiritual books" to do—it "loudly proclaims how we may go straight to our Creator."

THE VANISHING IRISH. Ed. by John A. O'Brien. 258 pages. McGraw-Hill. \$4.00. A symposium on present-day Irish

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emigration and alleged nonsocial sexual *mores* of the Irish which purports to show the race's decline. The shocking sensationalism of contributions by Maura Laverty and Sean O'Faolain on the Irish attitude toward sex does inestimable harm to the serious and mature consideration of the emigration of Ireland's youth by Father John M. Hayes and his earnest and honest plea for American aid for his People of the Land program. Although some of the contributors are Irish nationals, the larger propriety of an exposition of a country's sexual *mores* under foreign editorship and auspices, no matter how seemingly sympathetic, is in doubtful taste. Kinsey is one man; Peeping Tom another.

NORMS FOR THE NOVEL. By Rev. Harold C. Gardiner, S.J. 177 pages. America Press. \$2.00. This book stems from a controversy waged in 1943 over how far the realistic novel can go with the treatment of sin without tempting the reader to sin, a controversy set off by the author's fulsome praise of *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*. Here Father Gardiner extends his discussion to the whole of modern fiction.

While interesting and provocative, the book loses much of its value because the author is on the defensive. He spends too much time absolving Graham Greene from the charge of prurient, too little on what makes him a good novelist. One cannot help feeling that the prolonged discussion of *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* gives it a false importance. The author quotes many modern critics who are more or less in agreement with him, and critics may find much here to interest them, though the book is aimed at the reader who has no well-formed tenets to go by.

BEN JONSON OF WESTMINSTER. Marchette Chute. 380 pages. Dutton. \$5.00. Eliot has said that "of all the dramatists of his time, Jonson is probably the one whom the present age would find the most sympathetic, if it knew him." Marchette Chute offers a splendid opportunity to get to know him—as she has done before with Chaucer and Shakespeare. She has grasped the details of his life; she knows the time in which he lived; she apparently loves Ben Jonson. Her unique gift, however, is an ability to take the reader back to sixteenth-century London, bring rare Ben to life, and tell a lively tale unencumbered by her erudition. That she admires Jonson explains why she emphasizes his better side and at times takes his intentions for realities. That she concentrates on the life and the times accounts for some simplifications of literary issues. That she has written a lively and interesting biography is undeniable. Ben Jonson might say of it, as he said of one of his own plays, "By God, 'tis good."

MADELEINE GROWN UP. By Mrs. Robert Henrey. 320 pages. Dutton. \$4.00. When the French-born author of that popular tale, *The Little Madeleine*, was a young woman, working as a manicurist in London's internationally famous Savoy, two men came into her life. One was Mr. Burdon, Address, Hollywood. Intentions, mercenary. He wanted to take her you know where and make a film star of her. The other was Robert, Occupation, journalist. Personality, curious. Intentions, honorable. In brief, this is the story of a first love that was to become a lasting one. It is told so evocatively, so suspensefully that you have to pinch yourself to realize it isn't fiction. It's merely real life!

THE TRIAL OF OLIVER PLUNKETT. By Alice Curtayne. 239 pages. Sheed & Ward. \$3.00. Oliver Plunkett, Primate of Ireland, died at Tyburn in 1681. The political enemies of King Charles II had raised a scare that the French were about to invade Ireland with official Catholic connivance. Archbishop Plunkett, brought to England and convicted of treason after a farcical trial, was the principal victim of their charges. He died bravely and has since been beatified; his head is preserved at St. Peter's Church, Drogheda, an impressive object of veneration.

In this book, making use of verbatim court records and other contemporary documents, Alice Curtayne has skillfully recreated the horrible atmosphere of the penal times.

OUR CHILD . . . GOD'S CHILD. By Mary Lewis Coakley. 233 pages. Bruce. \$3.25. A practical book that will help parents who are struggling with the monumental job of raising children for God to see things in true perspective. Mrs. Coakley writes from personal experience on just about every problem or challenge a modern parent will meet. The lion's share of the book goes to the teen-agers: sex education, courtship, marriage, and vocations. Especially good is her stressing of unselfishness for parents of grown children who find it so hard to let their children live their own lives. Mrs. Coakley's down-to-earth manner makes her book as pleasant to read as her earlier *Fitting God Into the Picture*.

COWBOY ON A WOODEN HORSE. By Yuri Suhl. 280 pages. Macmillan. \$3.50. Uneven style and lack of plot direction prevent Yuri Suhl's *Cowboy on a Wooden Horse* from being a completely delightful story of Jewish life in Brooklyn during the 1920's. Cowboy Sol Kenner rides his wooden horse as an upholsterer's apprentice, participates at eighteen in a strike to unionize his shop, and learns American ways (Sol is a greenhorn) from his girl, Rose, a lovely devotee of *True Romance*. Sol's ortho-

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dox father, his wordly-wise stepmother, his socialist uncle, are all types. But they are drawn with such humor and affection that their family life proves irresistible.

LIFE IS WORTH LIVING. Bishop Fulton J. Sheen. 271 pages. McGraw-Hill. \$3.75. The book's twenty-six chapters are transcribed tape-recordings of his telecasts, and both the title and first chapter establish a unity for sundry topics like motherhood; the distinction between the functions of the intellect and the will; Communism; conscience; teen-agers; pain and suffering; tolerance; and war: "a projection of our own wickedness."

Perhaps Bishop Sheen's greatest talent is his simplifying of the complicated and his making understandable (for the masses) Christian truths that too often have been seemingly hoarded by professional theologians and philosophers for their exclusively intramural edification. The Bishop's approach is, more realistically, a latter-day imitation of first-century teaching techniques, including some used by Christ.

THE FOUR LIVES OF MUNDY TOLLIVER. By Ben Lucien Burman. 237 pages. Messner. \$3.75. This delightful novel tells a story—sometimes pathetic, always courageous—of a young Kentucky mountaineer returning from

war. Alone and lonesome, he begins his search for a meaning to his life, seeking a sense of belonging to someone, of loving and being loved.

Stumbling through some of the back alleys of life, Mundy Tolliver, seeking to find himself, comes perilously close to self-destruction; however, his experiences on the Mississippi towboat or on a Cajun shrimp vessel give him that hope necessary to continue his pursuit. Like Eugene O'Neill, Mr. Burman has great faith in the healing powers of the sea, and, as the novel works to a close, one is happy with Tolliver who seems, perhaps, to have found at least a partial answer to the riddle of life.

Author of such popular stories as *Steamboat Round the Bend* and *High Water at Catfish Bend*, Mr. Burman again comes close to presenting a universal character portrayed against vivid Mississippi River-Louisiana bayou country. Tolliver is a humble, a sincere person. You will like him.

THE NEW TOWER OF BABEL. By Dietrich Von Hildebrand. 243 pages. Kenedy. \$3.00. The years of World War II were particularly troublesome for Dr. Hildebrand, who found that he had invited the wrath of the Nazis by his writings. After a long flight before Fury he has come to rest at last on the quiet campus of Fordham University. And

They Asked for It!

► A New Orleans attorney was sent an Abstract of Title for examination by one of the alphabetical agencies in Washington, D.C. He traced the title back to the year 1803 and sent the Abstract in with a favorable opinion. A law clerk in the Washington agency returned it with a letter saying that the opinion was satisfactory as far as it went, but they would like to have the title traced back prior to 1803. The attorney's blood pressure went up considerably, and he dictated the following letter to Washington:

"It may have escaped your attention in Washington, but it is a matter of common knowledge in this section of the country that the Territory of Louisiana, of which the State of Louisiana and the Parish of Orleans are a part, was acquired by the United States of America from France by right of purchase in the year 1803.

"France acquired title to the territory from Spain by right of conquest. Spain acquired title as the result of the voyage of discovery made by one Genoese sailor named Christopher Columbus. Christopher Columbus sailed under the sponsorship of Ferdinand and Isabella, monarchs of Spain. Isabella, dominant member of the royal pair, being a pious queen, before sponsoring the voyage, sought and obtained approval of the Pope of Rome. The Pope of Rome is the Vicar of Christ on earth and, by virtue of his position, the personal representative of Jesus Christ. According to the Scriptures, Jesus Christ is the only begotten son of God Almighty. God Almighty, according to the early chapters of Genesis, created the heavens and the earth, of which the Territory of Louisiana, the State of Louisiana, and the parish of Orleans are a part. Therefore, here's your infernal title back to the Creation!"

—Cecilia O'Connor Vossa



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there he has written *The New Tower of Babel*, a group of philosophical essays that "are intended to examine various manifestations of escape from God . . . Every attempt to ignore God shares the fate of The Tower of Babel."

Even if there were no other essay in the book, the author would get our warmest hand for exploding the "heresy" of functionalism which has seeped down into the state, into art, science, and economics.

ONLY SON. By Walter Farrell, O.P. 244 pages. Sheed & Ward. \$3.50. The poignancy of the title is indicative of the sensitive treatment of the life of Christ in this perceptive biography by Walter Farrell, O.P. Written in a clear, fluid style which holds the reader spellbound, the book reads like a novel at times, without sacrificing anything to artifice. Of particular merit are the chapters on the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph and the passages dealing with the Samaritan woman at the well, the public sinner who anointed Christ's feet in the house of Simon the Pharisee, and the Beatitudes. Father Farrell had the gift of getting inside his people and giving the reader a feeling of participation.

THE TRUANTS. By J. C. Badcock. 124 pages. Pantheon. \$2.75. Only a nation that considers the first flowering of daffodils more newsworthy than a Big Four Meeting could produce a book like *The Truants*. It is a tale of two boys, part gypsy, who rove the English countryside. Its author is an Audubon of words: words exquisitely fitted together, precise and vivid.

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—*The Pioneer* (Ireland)

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is suspense and some savagery; because they are children still, casual, daring, and forgetful. Mr. Badcock keeps us consistently aware throughout that the world of brook and hedgerow, crane and rabbit is infinitely more real to country boyhood than any a schoolmaster or parent can bring. Aptly and charmingly illustrated by M. Wetherbee, with *The Truants* the Wind has returned to the Willows, the Golden Age has been reborn.

ALL GOD'S CHILDREN. By James Keller. 292 pages. Hanover House. \$2.00. Ingenious, informative, impressive, and inspiring is this handbook of God's place in all our schools, both public and private. Much valuable material is given—in brief and interesting form—to aid parents and teachers in bringing this great truth to the minds of our children. People of all religions should welcome this aid toward revitalizing and clarifying American education by restoring religion to its rightful place in our classrooms. The Declaration of Independence, the details of our government, the beliefs of our Founding Fathers, the roots of our traditions, the statements of our presidents and of our state constitutions, the origins of our American schools are all filled with the reverence and recognition of God as the wellspring of American life and civilization.

Father Keller has given us a practical and pleasing handbook for restoring that Divine wellspring to all the schools of our nation.

THURBER COUNTRY. By James Thurber. 276 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$3.75. The *New Yorker* magazine's widely chuckled-over writer-cartoonist prefaches this "collection of pieces about males and females, mainly of our own species" with an article on how to write humor. A standing rule, he says, is never to divide the word "I'll" so that the "I" is on one line and the "ll" on the next. Creators of the humorous essay are further advised to give their readers "some inkling of the general idea . . . in the first five hundred words." Mr. Thurber adheres nicely to his own rules. For Thurber fans, these twenty-six pieces, including seven which have never before been published in this country, are must reading. For those who, like this sourpuss reviewer, can take Mr. T or leave him, they're simply another case of Thurber's Thurber but you can't laugh all the time.

THE COLUMBIA HISTORICAL PORTRAIT OF NEW YORK. By John A. Kouwenhoven. 550 pages. Doubleday. \$21.00. Author Kouwenhoven began collecting illustrations for his book in 1936. Since that time, he has inspected three million pictures of the City and



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selected nine hundred of them for inclusion in this "essay in graphic history." The essay is most successful. A handsomer book it would be hard to find, or one with a larger dose of historic interest. In its pages unfolds the pictorial record of the City of New York, from a map drawn in 1614 to a camera shot of the United Nations Building taken in 1952. From page to page, the reader sees the original cluster of houses which sprawled around the fort at the Battery grow and move uptown in the sixteen hundreds as it continues to do today. The probable accuracy of old-fashioned wood-engraved illustrations is suggested in many instances where scenes were reproduced by both an engraving and what was at the time the new photographic process. The volume represents a notable job both of editing and publishing.

THE WILD PLACE. By Kathryn Hulme. 275 pages. Little, Brown. \$3.75. This deeply moving memoir of life in a Displaced Persons camp in Germany in the months just after the war is the winner of the Atlantic \$5,000 prize for nonfiction. Miss Hulme's eyes are sharp, her pen is descriptive, and her heart is full of compassion for those rootless victims of the war whom she tried to help in her camp. The pride and integrity of these people, despite their misery, were their outstanding characteristics. They were hungry, cold, sick, yet only a few lost their stature as human beings. Americans and others helped as best they could to keep life going, but the best was never very much as compared with the needs. *The Wild Place* is a powerful reminder of the terrible upheavals of war and an eloquent account of what the free world tried to do to restore, to mend the shattered lives of hundreds of thousands of Europeans.

STAR OF JACOB. By Helen Walker Homan. 329 pages. McKay. \$3.75. Evidently, nineteenth-century France was a mysteriously fertile field for conversions from Judaism. In the present volume, Mrs. Homan gives a slightly novelized biography of the Alsatian rabbi's son who was to found the Congregation of the Holy Ghost and the Immaculate Heart of Mary. How, held back from the priesthood by a recurrent epilepsy, he still served as novice master in a French seminary and, after his ordination, founded the missionary society which was to do such heroic work for the scattered Negro race, is told with a dramatic grace so high-lighting the "vivid personality, the alert intellect, the genius for leadership, and the boundless charity" of Francis Libermann that he seems as lovable today as in his own lifetime.

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IF WAR COMES

(Continued from page 16)

it will be the task of their air force to reduce the United States to smoking farmland. It can be done in two weeks. We have 170 Grade-A industrial targets, including atom bomb plants, in this country. With control of the air, the three Russian Air Armies would not find it difficult quickly to bring this great nation to its knees.

Still, in the past year, we have cut our air forces to bring our national budget closer to balance. If no war comes, it will have been a brilliant economic move. If war does come, we shall have robbed ourselves of weapons which cannot be replaced for two years or more. The Russians have, by far, the largest airforce in the world. They have a minimum of 1,000 TU-4's and no one knows how many of the new 6-jet bombers. They also have 15,000 jet interceptors to keep our big bombers away from their soil.

The Air Force isn't crying. It does the best it can with what we give it. Almost a million men are in the USAF, but only 60,000 are officers. The re-enlistment rate is dropping, because a man like Cavnar, who has in his care fifteen lives and a \$3,500,000 plane, makes less money than the driver of a Greyhound bus.

INTELLIGENCE reports guess the Russians have 20,000 fighting planes to our 10,000. Our pious hope is that, plane for plane, man for man, ours are better. The Joint Chiefs of Staff have already laid out the jobs, in order of importance, for our Air Force in the event of war:

1. Defend the United States.
2. Bring the enemy to his knees as quickly as possible.

3. Defend all NATO countries and certain parts of the Far East.

It sounds simple on paper. But it isn't. In Task One, for example, we know from World War II that, no matter how well we defend continental United States, possibly seven out of every ten Russian bombers will get through to their targets. If we knock down thirty per cent, we're doing well. (See "We Can Be Atom Bombed," THE SIGN Jan. 1953).

Our biggest weapons—the things that Russia fears most—are as follows:

1. Atom and hydrogen bombs.
2. Strategic Air Force which delivers them.

3. Mobility.

The first two are easily understood. They have taken the profit out of war. The third is not easily understood. Our Air Force is so mobile that, in twenty-four hours, we can fly a group of B-47

jets from MacDill in Florida to England, or a group of B-36's from Carswell to Japan. We can tip the balance of air power, in any part of the globe, overnight.

When the order comes through, the bomb bays open and a big pod containing all the spare plane parts and all the extra ammunition and crew-gear is hoisted into the plane. It then takes off with its fellows and flies to distant lands. Thus, no matter how good the Soviet intelligence work may be, the Russians cannot, at any one moment, say that the United States is weak in this part of the world or strong in that part.

And, speaking of Intelligence and spying, our security measures at SAC bases would probably bring a warm smile to the face of Senator Joseph McCarthy. When the B-36's are on the ground at Carswell, two soldiers with loaded carbines stand under the belly of each plane at all times. The writer flew into Carswell from Omaha with Master Sgt. R. E. Quam, who has been in the Air Force twenty-four years. He sat looking at the big bombers and murmured: "You know? This is the closest I've ever been to a B-36."

General Montgomery, Commander of the Eighth Air Force, is said to detail certain Air Force men as spies. They forge gate passes, with photos and identification numbers, and their job is to try to get into the base. The day THE SIGN Correspondent flew on Number 1354, an Air Force Lieutenant Colonel was taken off the plane and placed under arrest for not having a number on his identification badge.

So far as new weapons are concerned,



Encouragement

► A photographer from the local newspaper was sent to take a picture of a citizen on his hundredth birthday.

The old gentleman was most cooperative, and as he left the house, the young photographer thanked him, saying: "I hope I'll be around to take your picture when you're a hundred and one."

"Why not?" the old fellow said. "You look pretty healthy to me."

—Frank Evans

the United States has a bigger, all-jet B-52 which will make the capable B-36 look like an old lady in crinoline. B-52's will start coming off the production line this year. We have a rocket which is fired from a plane and moves so fast that it breaks through the sonic barrier. Our guided missiles are not ready for war. When they are, they will carry our atomic and hydrogen bombs to foreign shores without a man aboard.

That day will come. For the Russians too.

Our bombing has improved 600 per cent in accuracy. Thus, the B-36 or the B-47—with the newer bombs—can accomplish singly what it required hundreds of B-29's to do in World War II. Even our gutty fighter plane, the F-84 Thunderjet, is capable of carrying a nuclear device.

WE'RE coming down now and ears pop as we leave the Gulf of Mexico and head home to Fort Worth. We're in the clouds and, looking out, you have the illusion of flying in a bowl of milk. We come out of it at 10,000 feet and the Christmas tree below is the City of Fort Worth. The 19-foot propellers are loafing and all stations are manned for landing. The crew has finished a 17-hour day of work with no time-and-a-half.

The landing gear comes out—four wheels on each side—and it appears to be about the size of a bungalow. The A.C. has his big black shoe on the rudder pedal and he brings the ship in slowly and easily. We jar, bounce, settle, and then the reversible pitch propellers and the landing brakes bring the big plane down to a walk.

At 1 A.M. Cavnar lines up his crew, kids a little in dead-pan style, and tells the men that they can have the day off.

Gunner Francis L. McGrath Jr., youngest man aboard (twenty-one), beams happily. Like everyone else, his feet hurt. Like everyone else, he says "Yes sir" to Cavnar. He hikes his chute and his Mae West preserver on his shoulders and boards the bus for the crew's quarters. For a moment, discipline is relaxed. The job is done for today. Major Gstrein kids Cavnar about his car. The Major has a brand new one. They can afford to kid a little. They've been flying together for four years.

In Crew Quarters, Captain Allison slides behind a desk and makes a phone call. He appears unworried as the other men stop talking to look at him. He speaks softly into the transmitter. Then his whole face breaks into the wrinkles of a smile that stretches from chin to forehead, and everybody knows, without asking, that Allison is a daddy again and that Mrs. Allison is okay.

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All others
should write to:

Very Rev. Father Provincial, C.P.

Passionist Monastery
5700 North Harlem Avenue
Chicago 31, Ill.

LETTERS

(Continued from page 6)

dia east of East Pakistan was not included. This automatically presented Pakistan with a border with Burma which is considerably greater than the relatively small coastal border that now exists. It also adds a border with Red China in the area through which ran the Burma Road. Map errors are inevitably compounded so I shall not discuss the matter. . . . The scale of the map may well be a good reason for including such errors.

T. F. X. HIGGINS

PITTSBURGH, PA.

The Cathedral of Barcelona

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

For the first time I must call your attention to a slight error in the November 1953 edition, page 29. Either the Madrid Correspondent, E. Alan Walker, or the Art Editor made an error. The picture of the "Cathedral at Barcelona" is the partly completed Church of the Holy Family at which many of the Eucharistic Congress ceremonies were held last year.

CHARLES F. LANWERMAYER

WAUKEGAN, ILL.

Editor's Note: Reader Lanwermayer is correct. Below are the real Cathedral and the church of The Holy Family.



The Cathedral



Holy Family
Church

Pro-married, But Anti-British

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Your articles on or for young married couples are particularly interesting to us—we have four boys, the oldest five and one-half and the youngest six weeks. It is consoling to know that our own problems are apparently shared by other young couples.

I think though there must be a majority of Irishmen on your editorial staff—the anti-British feeling has noticeably increased in the past few months. While some of it is apparently justified, remember your readers in Canada, for the most part, are loyal subjects of the Queen and resent a one-sided discussion. Perhaps an article by some English writer occasionally, giving their side of the Korean war problem, would be of interest?

J. A. RIDDELL

HAMILTON, CANADA

"Angels Don't Have Bones"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I am presently serving with the U.S. Army in Germany and receive my copies of THE SIGN via my parents. I wish to convey my appreciation of Miss Carmen Lund's story, "Angels Don't Have Bones." It is one of the cleverest and most amus-

ing articles me, and also laughs. This since I have been back home per cent complications angel in the I had to the plain why there if you

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ing articles that I have read. It provided me, and also my buddies, with quite a few laughs. The theme was familiar to me, since I have encountered the same situation with my younger sisters and brothers back home. I agree with Miss Lund 100 per cent when she says that there are complications in having an acknowledged angel in the house. I know that sometimes I had to think fairly quick in trying to explain why Heaven does not fall down if it is in the sky, and do you have to go there if you don't want to.

Again, let me congratulate you on a very human article, and a very funny one. Also, on your excellent article on Hilaire Belloc by Andrew Boyle.

PVT. JOHN F. X. DROHAN
UNITED STATES ARMY

EUROPE

Anita and Coffee

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

The article on coffee, written by Anita Colby in your October issue, is naturally of much interest to us. Many interesting stories have been recorded historically on the origin and use of coffee in various countries.

Brewing a fine cup of coffee is not difficult—and certainly no magic touch is necessary. In most cases, the fault is not with the device, nor with the brand of coffee, but with the manner in which it is prepared.

Actually, once the individual finds the blend of coffee which suits his taste, he has only to brew it properly every time and a consistently fine cup of beverage will be achieved.

A few of the most important points to be kept in mind are: (1) proper proportions of fresh water and properly ground coffee (always use two level tablespoons of coffee to 6 ozs. of cold water); (2) use of clean brewing equipment; (3) exact timing of the brew.

E. G. LAUGHERY
GENERAL MANAGER
THE COFFEE BREWING INSTITUTE
NEW YORK, N. Y.

In Defense of Husbands

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Usually I enjoy your magazine very much, but I would like to comment on your article, "Husbands Are Married, Too" (September).

Being the mother of three pre-school-age children and expecting a fourth in January, I think I know a little about women's work. I appreciate Mr. Weldon's sympathy but definitely feel it is misplaced. My husband (a carpenter) does hard manual labor all day.

Your article simply isn't realistic for all the men who do a hard day's work. It is important to remember, too, that there are all kinds of odd jobs around a house and yard that have nothing to do with housekeeping but which help keep a man plenty busy in his spare time.

To be quite frank, I don't want my husband fussing around in the kitchen or giving me a day off to wander around downtown. I'd be lonely and bored with nothing to do but worry if my husband forgot to give Matthew his orange juice.



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What I really want from my husband is love and respect, a real interest in me and in the children, his companionship whenever possible, and Sunday specially reserved as family day when, after church, we go on picnics, to the beach or zoo, or just stay home together.

This may not sound like enough to Mr. Weldon, but any woman who can't be happy with a husband and family to work for won't be happy no matter how much her weary husband helps out.

I wouldn't have written this letter, but I feel many wives already expect too much from their husbands and this kind of article just encourages their self-pity.

MRS. BETTY REILING
NORTHLAKE, ILL.

Social Teaching

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

God bless THE SIGN. You've done it again. I was overjoyed reading your October issue in finding the large amount of Catholic social teaching "presented in various attractive ways." Let's all shout from the housetops the words of Pius XII, "Its foremost duty is to foster in various attractive ways an ever better understanding of social doctrine." THE SIGN is doing this, thank God.

JOHN K. KELLY
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Dior and Milkmen

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

This is an answer to your comment in the October issue of THE SIGN magazine on "The Power of a Woman? Ask Mr. Dior." I appreciate your good intention in trying to enlighten American womanhood not to fall for Mr. Dior's monetary schemes in dress designing. However, I do take exception in the method of comparison that you make with the milkman, or milk salesman, as I would rather be classified.

If you in person were a milkman here in Binghamton defined as a "plodding, reactionary, untouched by the spirit of invention, and utterly devoid of cheek, a no account who will never get anywhere," you would starve to death and before the company would let you go so far, they would inform you that your services were no longer needed.

We are not plodding reactionaries; on the other hand, we are trying to be plodding and progressive salesmen out there to get the business. We are deeply concerned with the spirit of modern inventions in the dairy industry. . . .

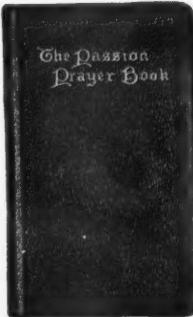
Now, "the milkman is a no account who will never get anywhere." In the fifty-year history of the company I work for, this statement is not true. There are supervisors who were milkmen, there are plant foremen who were milkmen, there are traveling salesmen who were milkmen, and there are branch managers who were milkmen. These men have all progressed from their experiences on a milk route. They have advanced in position and likewise financially. . . .

SEBASTIAN ALIG

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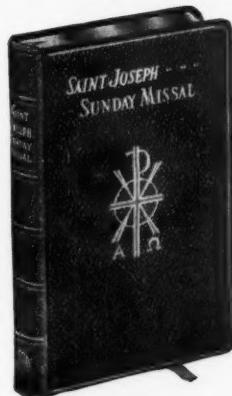
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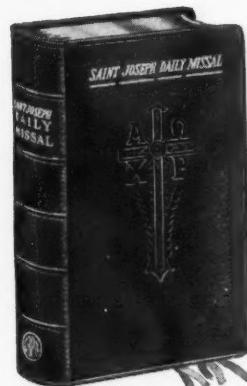
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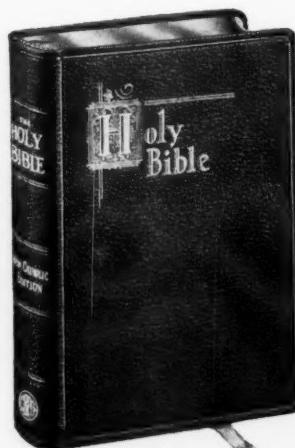
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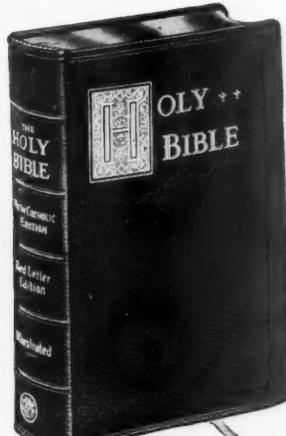
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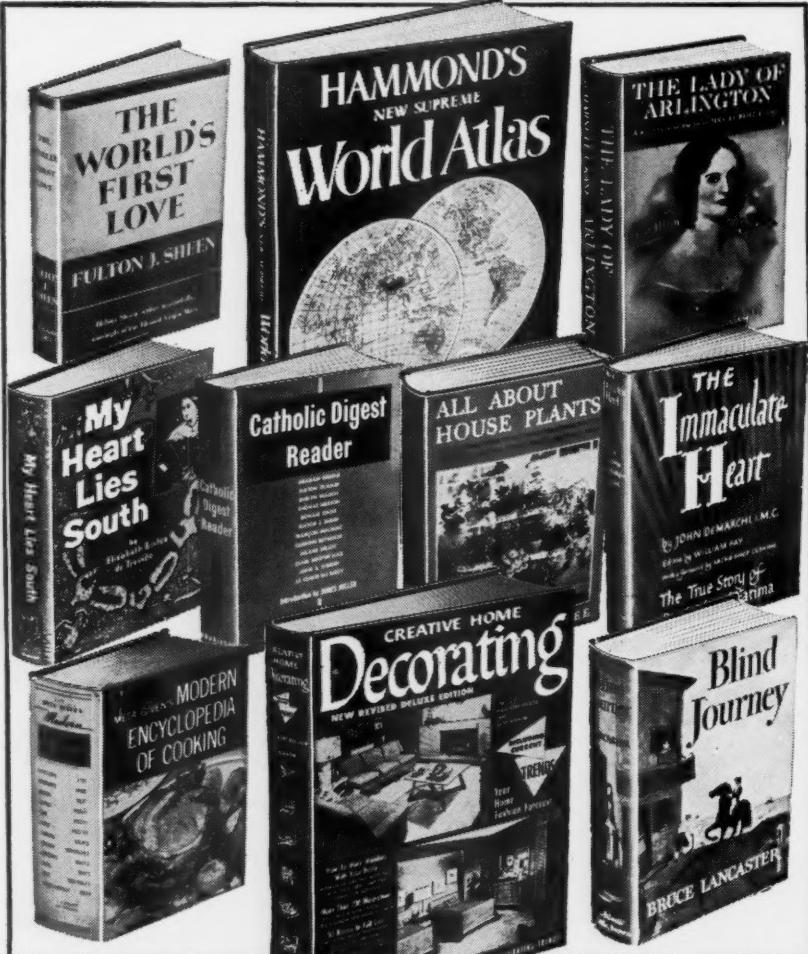
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